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VIEW OF GENERAL BUTLER'S DUTCH GAP CANAL BEFORE THE EXPLOSION OF THE BULK-HEAD.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

SAINT MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

HOLY Saint Martin once at Amiens' gate,
Passing that way where went both low and great,
Saw there, ashiver with the winter's cold,
A poor half-naked wretch—silver or gold
The Saint had none; his kindly beaming eyes,
Mild as the light of stars within the skies,
Filled with the rising pity in his breast,
Where dwelt all charities which make men blest,
At sight of one, a soul so desolate,
Houseless and friendless by the city's gate,
And taking from his back the coat he wore,
Into two parts the garment then he tore,
And with a blessing which all lips may say,
Gave to him there the half, and went his way.

Next night, upon some deed of mercy bent,
By that same gate the good Saint Martin went,
And saw within its shadow, standing there,
A man of thoughtful mien and presence fair,
Around whom shone a mildly radiant light—
None like to it had ever blest his sight—
And in its sheen the city's frowning gate
Seemed Heaven's own portal where good angels wait,
And to the Saint's meek eyes, with wonder wide,
The palms of Paradise uprose each side;
And lo! the man was Christ; speechless, amazed,
Spell-bound with wonderment Saint Martin gazed,
And saw the ragged garment he had given
Worn on the shoulders of the Lord from heaven!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

DURING the progress of the war and the desolation of the Southern States the tragical sophistry of the theory of supreme State Sovereignty must have been brought home to many thoughtful minds with overpowering force. It is a theory invented by those who were hostile to the Union, and carefully cultivated by those who meant to try to destroy the nation the moment they ceased to control it. But experience has now shown its practical folly; for it appears that the sentiment of nationality is so much stronger in the country than that of local independence that the question is virtually settled. The instincts of the people of the United States have determined that, as in every political society there can be but one supreme and sovereign authority, that authority in this country is the National Government. States, counties, cities, towns, villages, have each their rights and privileges; but among them the right of asserting an independent supreme sovereignty is not included; and the people have shown that they will maintain the national independence at any cost whatever. Equal civil liberty in this country is not so much endangered by centralization—bad as extreme centralization may be—as it is by separation. The enemies of equal civil liberty in the United States have always been the advocates of supreme State Sovereignty; but its friends have always seen that the truest defense of liberty is confidence in the people as a whole, and not in the State divisions.

Indeed the idea that Iowa, Minnesota, or Wisconsin, arbitrarily measured off from the territory of the United States by the authority of the United States, and settled by New Englanders, New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, and various Europeans, is a sovereign State independent of all others, and, at its pleasure, utterly foreign to the United States, is sheer midsummer madness. A ward in the cities of New York or Chicago has just as much original sovereignty independent of the city as such a State has of the country.

Nor is the case really different with what are called the original States. They were generally tracts granted to companies under royal patents. Their boundaries were expressed with amusing vagueness. The original colonists were mainly from England. They brought with them a nationality and similar forms of local government. They were not originally sovereign nor independent; but as united colonies they won a united independence, and established a united government which they found too weak because it left the union subject to the individual control of the States. Thereupon the Union was formed. It was not a league—it was not a treaty—it was not a confederation; and the necessities and instincts of the people have approved the intention of its wisest friends, showing it to be in the truest sense a nation. The war proves how deep and strong the national instinct is; and it is impossible that the great truth should not be seen by many a citizen of the Southern States who has hitherto held to the hopeless and impracticable dogma of State Sovereignty.

MORE RAILWAY MURDERS.

IF the people who live along the line of the Erie and other railroads, and who daily go and come through the Bergen tunnel, propose to suffer themselves to be slaughtered like sheep in that dark den, they will undoubtedly meet that fate. But those who have a remoter interest in the matter, who are only generally concerned that railroad travel shall not be certain massacre, have the right to ask of the officers of the Erie Railway, which owns the tunnel, of Messrs. ROBERT H. BERDELL, CHARLES MINOT, J. W. GUPPY, WM. R. BARR, and H. HOBBS, who are named in the Guide as President and General and Assistant Superintendents, why it is that in an unlighted tunnel, 4400 feet long, and through which about a hundred trains pass every day, such precautions are not taken as to render accidents virtually impossible? If the managers of the road can not adopt such precautions, they ought not to be intrusted with so immense a responsibility, and are morally guilty of all the horrible consequences.

The only measures upon which the management rely for the safety of the trains are a temporary stoppage before entering the tunnel, a delay of five minutes in following another train, and colored lanterns and torpedoes for warning. There are no lights in the tunnel, no signal-men. Whoever enters that fatal darkness should leave all hope behind, conscious as he is that in certain chances, which are most likely to occur, he is sure to be a victim. For instance, last week a train stopped in the tunnel just before emerging. As it started the coupling broke. The colored lantern was hung in the rear, and torpedoes were placed upon the track; but the train that followed neither saw nor heard, and came thundering on, with the inevitable result.

That result will constantly repeat itself if the passengers do not help themselves. The loss of life upon railroads during the last year is more than double what it was for several previous years: and the hope of arresting the increasing mortality does not rest with the managers, but with the passengers and the legislatures. We hope that in our own Assembly and Senate the Central Railroad of this State will be firmly met when it comes to ask for additional privileges, and that they will be granted only upon the most stringent conditions, securing the safety and comfort of the public, and upon the clearest showing that the public welfare demands additional grants. Are the lives of the people of the State of New York not as precious as the dividends of the railroads? Those people will have a right to be disappointed if their representatives do not defend them from the dangers of railroad travel.

THE SIGNS AT SAVANNAH.

IN the late article of the Richmond *Sentinel*, which sounds like a cry of rage and despair, and which is important because the paper is known to speak the views of the rebel chief DAVIS, are these words: "If an unpropitious Providence should condemn us to a master, let it not be a Yankee master. Of all the people on earth we have most reason to loathe and dread them. Any terms by any other would be preferable to subjugation by them."

This is the old cry of DAVIS. "I would rather fraternize with hyenas than Yankees." The article, indeed, has the sullen tone of all his speeches. It reveals the gloomy desperation which feels that one sole course remains to excite a final effort, and that is to tell the whole terrible truth. We read no longer that the independence of "the confederacy" is virtually accomplished. We hear no more the loud boast that one "Southron" will eat up twenty Yankees and rise hungry. We see now the alternative of "the dread event" of failure openly proclaimed, with the full consciousness of the writer that if that fails there is an end of hope.

But the assumption of the article in the *Sentinel*, of a united people acting under the sublime inspiration of a great purpose, is utterly exposed by the conduct of the citizens of Savannah, as well as those of the interior of Georgia. The tone of the Savannah meeting is that of men who have resisted the authority of their Government, and have learned that resistance is hopeless. They therefore lay down their arms, and submit every question to the decision of the constitutional tribunal. They know perfectly well—as well as JEFFERSON DAVIS knows—that the talk about Yankee masters is pure folly. The Government to whose authority they submit they know to be a Government of equal rights, in which every citizen has the same interest and the same power.

The proposal of the Richmond papers to return to colonial dependence upon England, France, or Spain is one that springs from the insanity of chagrin and bad baffled ambition. What have the citizens of Georgia, for instance, to gain by passing under British rule, even if it were possible? If they had suffered some intolerable outrage for which there was no hope of redress—if they had before them only a yoke of hopeless tyranny—if any vital right of theirs were threatened—it is conceivable that they should close their eyes to every thing but separation, even at the risk of utter desolation and ruin. But the people of Georgia "seceded," as they called it, in virtue of what they declared to be a constitutional right. Yet it by no means follows that, because they thought they had better try to set up for themselves rather than remain in the Union, they would therefore consider any kind of political relation with the monarchies of Europe preferable to the Union at home.

And so, in the case of the Savannah meeting, it has proved. The people at that meeting, having found that they can not maintain their theory of the Union, yield to the armed force of the other theory. It is in vain to argue; there is the fact. It is in vain for the *Sentinel* to assume that the hate of Yankees is the overpowering passion of all those who have been concerned in the rebellion; for there is the Savannah meeting, which is just as much a fact as LEE'S army at Richmond. And there is the conduct of the Georgians during SHERMAN'S march. If they had chosen they could have destroyed him. But they did not choose. The rebel papers halloed for a general hunt, in which every man was to take part. But the cry had no more meaning or effect than the present shout that any master is better than the Yankees. Such facts show, not that the people of the Southern section of the country have become suddenly warmly patriotic, but that they are men still; that they yield to inevitable laws, and that articles, like the one we are considering in the *Sentinel*, do not fairly represent the universal sentiment.

They show more. They show under what a savage despotism large numbers of American citizens in the Southern States have been lying. A fierce and unscrupulous oligarchy has imposed its will by terror upon those States, as for many years it did upon the people of the United States. But these last finally spurned the tyranny and threw it off, and the example will be followed in the part of the country where the despotism has been latterly most terrible: that in New Orleans, and Vicksburg, and Nashville, there has been so little expression of loyalty to the Government must be in large part ascribed to the fear that those places would be recovered again by the rebels. But SHERMAN'S grasp of Savannah is a sure grasp. The inhabitants feel it. They do not believe the Government will relax that hold, and therefore they speak out.

We need not be deceived. We need not count the meeting for more than it is worth. But it is enough to show that there are some people at the South who are more willing to submit to the "dread event" of an equal National Government than to "die in the last ditch" to destroy it.

UNION FEELING TOWARD THE REBELS.

THAT the people of Savannah should be starving is remarkable when we remember that, until SHERMAN'S arrival, there had been unchecked communication between the city and the fertile belt of Georgia through which the General made his agreeable journey. But if our friends there are really suffering, there is no loyal man in the country who will not wish that they shall be relieved immediately. On the other hand, there can be no disposition to support rebels or rebel sympathizers.

Neither should there be any mawkish misunderstanding about "conciliation." The loyal citizens of this country have no disposition whatever to "conciliate" rebels in arms against the common Government. They wish only that the rebellion shall yield to the resistless and unquestionable power of that Government. But if it yields without fighting so much the better. No loyal man wishes more bloodshed. We should all gladly know that the last gun had been fired. But we do not propose to buy off any body from firing. If the rebels stop because they see resistance is hopeless they will be wise men; they will save themselves and us much suffering. But they ought to have learned that they dreadfully mistake if they suppose that they are to be "conciliated" to stop.

Yet they ought also to understand that there is no vindictive feeling in the hearts of Union men. There has been very little personal feeling upon our part in this war. Probably there was never a civil contest in which one side was so passionless; but the very want of passion has made the growing resolution more impressive. When the war began there was a very general feeling that it was to be short. There were earnest exhortations not to "exasperate" our rebellious countrymen. The early orders of some of our Generals read like pure folly in the light of greater knowledge. We all gradually came to understand how vital the struggle was. Every nerve was strained. Immense armaments by sea and land have been raised. For more than three years we have known only war. After its vast expenditures of time and money and life, the country is only the more inflexibly determined. But there is no more wish of revenge than there was in the beginning. There is but one desire in the hearts of loyal men, and that is, a peace which shall be secure and permanent.

Let us hope then that no step will be taken which will lead armed rebels to suppose that our purpose is altered, and that we hope to attain by blarney what we can not carry by bullets. Our conduct should be such as to undeceive, on the one hand, those who have been taught that we are robbers, murderers, and brutes; and, upon the other, those who have insisted that we were mean peddlers and cowardly scrubs, who were born to lick the boots of gentlemanly slaveholders, and who would willingly sell our cheap souls for two cents. Among the rebels there are both these classes, and both must be taught the truth.

They could have no better teacher than General SHERMAN. He is an inflexible soldier, but a perfectly reasonable man. He will be neither tyrannical nor weak. The insurgents will see typified in him the resolution of the nation. If there is any need of food for faithful citizens in his Department, he will take care that we know it and that they receive it; and all relief truly required will be most generously and heartily furnished by the loyal people of the country.

GEN. SHERMAN'S "THOUSAND SLAVES."

AMONG the most amusing of the late stories in the Richmond papers is that of the *Dispatch*, which quotes another paper's account of a conversation between General SHERMAN and "a perfectly reliable gentleman," in which the General declared his belief in the immortality of slavery, and his expectation of owning a thousand slaves after the war. The *Dispatch* thereupon proceeds to argue that the only result of the war is to be a change of masters for the slaves, by which the slaves, for whom its liveliest sympathies are excited, are to be the saddest sufferers. The hapless negroes are to fall "into the hands of men who do not understand them; who have no real sympathy with them." Unhappy bondmen! to be deprived of that perfect understanding of their natures which imbrutes them and steals their wages, and that real sympathy which whips their wives and sells their children!

It seems that there has been a curious misunderstanding of the war. It was not begun because "the Yankees" insisted upon keeping slavery out of the Territories; or refused to return fugitive slaves; or passed liberty bills; or threatened the perpetuity of the system; but only because of such a jealousy of the profits and pleasures of slavery that the Yankees were determined to appropriate to their own use slaves and plantations together! The truth is, thinks the *Dispatch*, that Mr. LINCOLN, who declared that the Union could not permanently exist half slave and half free, was envious of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS'S happiness and per-centages derived from his human cattle, and has therefore undertaken a vast crusade to compel the Union to be wholly and harmoniously slave-holding.

That, of course, explains General SHERMAN'S remark. He has been signally successful in extending the area of slavery by force of arms. He has just marched through Georgia riveting chains, and, of course, branding his future property. But with characteristic moderation he only means to keep a thousand slaves for his own share. Doubtless he will prove at once that the poor fellows have fallen into the hands of one who "does not understand them," by seizing upon some of those who came with him to Savannah, and insisting upon their being paid fair wages. He will now show them how a Yankee soldier keeps his word. He will teach his victims whom he has freed by his march to sigh for the picklings and paddlings and slow fires of those who have "real sympathy with them."

The Richmond *Dispatch* is an extremely sagacious journal. We proffer it a respectful expression of profound sympathy that the divine and humane "institution" has fallen into the sacrilegious hands of SHERMAN and his Yankees.

GENERAL CIALDINI'S SPEECH.

A VERY remarkable speech was lately delivered in the Italian Senate by General CIALDINI, an old liberal of 1831, who has long sat silent in his place, and who was bold enough to say to GARIBALDI, when in the height of his popular favor he took his seat in the Chambers in his red shirt, "Your red shirt is an insult to the Legislature."

CIALDINI'S speech was upon the question of the removal of the capital of Italy from Turin to Florence, and seems to have carried the nation as some speeches carry an audience. His point of view was strictly military, and begins with the statement that there is a powerful enemy permanently established in one of the most formidable positions. War is therefore inevitable with Austria. Meanwhile peace with France is precarious. The French tradition is hostile to the unity of Italy, and the French are masters of Mt. Cenis. The cession of Savoy and Nice make Turin no longer safe as the Italian capital. Now, the great and real defenses of Italy are the two slopes of the Apennines, and the valley of the Po must be always the battle-ground. All the military resources of Italy should therefore be gathered at some point between the two seas and behind the mountains. Then, if she loses a battle in the valley, she falls back through the mountains, which have but eight passes, and there recuperating and drawing up the reserves from all the peninsula, she defends the passes and presently pours forth again into the valley. But if the capital is retained at Turin, a foreign victory in the valley secures the capital. "The valley of the Po means the enemy dwelling in your homes, with the door wide open for him to enter at his pleasure."

The speech is striking for its picturesque eloquence, and for its profound romantic feeling.

"Let foreign writers say that Italy is the land of the dead. Yes; but the dead have at last risen from their tombs in the shape of 350,000 armed men, and of 200 battalions of mobolized national guards. The dead have strong and well-manned fortresses to defend their father-land; they have a fine fleet to assert their rights over the waters of their national seas. Those very Italians of whom it was said, 'They do not fight,' have already won many battles, and whether under the gray coats of the regular soldier, or under the red shirt of the volunteer, have taught the illustrious General, who in a moment of bad humor uttered those words, that they know how to fight and conquer."

When it is remembered that this dead Italy has produced the most sagacious statesman and the most successful popular leader of our times, and has shown, despite its overwhelming disadvantages, that it can wisely unite for a common national purpose and existence, the hope that CAVOUR cherished seems only reasonable. A people with MAZZINI to awaken, CAVOUR and CIALDINI to organize, and GARIBALDI to lead, can not be called a dead nation. The human heart every where cries Amen to CIALDINI'S noble concluding words: "The school of sacrifice makes the soul of a people stronger. PROMETHEUS had the power of making a man out of clay; sacrifice alone has the power of turning men into heroes."

That is the lesson we are learning; and it is not the least inspiring consolation in our struggle to know that, as the true cause of this country has the sympathy of the wiser England, so it is cheered and supported by the faith of the better Italy. CAVOUR, who died in the dark day of our war, always understood it: and it is not to the living hope of Italy, to the new nation, to VICTOR EMANUEL, CIALDINI, and GARIBALDI that the rebel emissaries address themselves; it is naturally and instinctively to the dark and dead Italy, whose shaking seat is at Rome.

THE DOCTORS AND THE SOLDIERS.

IT is the duty of the examining physician to declare recruits sound or unsound. If the ranks are swelled with idiots, blind men, paralytics, and other diseased persons, the fault is *prima facie* that of the physician, and it is for him to show that his decision against them has been overruled. Collusion between the physician and the broker, or the marshal, or the Board, is so easy, and may often be so profitable, that it is obvious the extremest care should be taken to select the most worthy and responsible medical men.

In one case known to us the physician was at heart a rebel. Of course the unsounder the soldier the more the doctor was pleased. Upon representation of the facts he was removed; but it shows how essential it is that the character and sentiments of this important officer shall be fully understood. It is idle to accuse the Government of the results of our own carelessness; the surgeons can not be personally known to the authorities. They must be appointed upon the representation of the residents of the district. If they do their duty, the Government will do its duty. If they fail, the Government is not responsible.

LITERARY.

"Moods," by LOUISA M. ALCOTT (LORING, Boston). This is a short story of great power and absorbing interest by a new writer, whose "Hospital Sketches" were remarkable for a humor and insight which ought to have made them much more widely known. In the present tale the conflict of passion in noble characters is drawn with great delicacy and skill, and with a freedom and firmness which promise remarkable works hereafter. "Moods" is neither sentimental nor morbid nor extravagant. It has freshness and self-reliance. Greater experience and resolute study will correct the imperfect literary art; nor is it a disheartening failure not to have succeeded in a satisfactory discrimination between the two heroes of the tale. Such likeness in unlikeness demands a Shakespearian subtlety of skill fully to delineate. It is something to have suggested it. After Hawthorne we recall no American love-story of equal power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

AGAIN there is a lull. Federal armies are resting, in the mean while making preparations to strike. Rebel armies are retreating upon more interior lines, and preparing to ward off the threatened blows. Our campaigns are getting to be more decisive than they ever have been. They are also getting shorter. The short space of sixty days gave us Savannah for Atlanta, and witnessed the progress and victorious conclusion of the Tennessee campaign. The country is now asking two questions—which the rebels are also asking at Richmond—which General Lee is asking with anxious solicitude: What will Thomas now do with his army of over forty thousand men? and what will Sherman next accomplish with *his* army of sixty thousand—an army not rivaled in efficiency by any in the world?

And first for General Thomas. That officer stands relatively to the resistance now offered to his advance in a position far more advantageous than that occupied by General Sherman last May. In the first place, because of what Sherman's Atlanta campaign has already accomplished in his behalf. There is a popular impression that because Atlanta has been left behind, the value of that summer campaign has been canceled. Not so. Atlanta was important to the Confederacy as a great arsenal, and as the centre of the great railroad system connecting the Atlantic with the Gulf States. As an arsenal its value has been destroyed. As a railroad centre its value has been canceled by the actual destruction of the railroads emerging from it eastward and northward. As soon as Sherman had taken Savannah he sent Kilpatrick to destroy the railroad running southwestwardly from that city toward Florida. This expedition having accomplished its object, an equally destructive raid will sever Charleston from its connection with Augusta, and then the entire Atlanta system of railroads will be annihilated. The military scheme of General Thomas's next campaign is therefore very greatly limited by Sherman's success, being confined to the Mobile system, with its two central ganglia at Meridian and Jackson. But even here a great part of his work has already been done for him by Ostrand, Davidson, and Dana. In the second place, Thomas has an incomparably greater advantage than Sherman had in respect of comparative strength. The rebel General Johnston, besides being himself a skillful soldier, had under him a well-appointed army. General Hood has an army of not more than twenty thousand men, who have been demoralized by defeat, and who have just escaped annihilation. This army has no more guns than can be counted on a man's fingers. Such a force is not likely to offer any very formidable resistance, and its reorganization must take time. But Hood will either have to get out of Thomas's way or else stand boldly up and face the music. Thomas will not wait long before compelling an issue. If Hood gets out of the way far enough, of course he will not be worth minding, and Mississippi will be as open to Thomas as Georgia was to Sherman. If the rebel General, on the other hand, intends to cover Jackson, Meridian, and finally Mobile, then there will be fighting and flanking again as from the beginning. Thomas, in the third place, it must be considered, will have less difficulties to contend with than Sherman had in establishing bases and preserving his lines of communications. In the immediate vicinity of Corinth he can have a water base on the Tennessee River, and if, as he advances southward, Forrest's cavalry should prove too troublesome, he will yet be not too far from the Mississippi to get supplies from Vicksburg.

As to Sherman's next campaign, we are left to conjecture in respect to details. But it is certain that his general object is the destruction of the remaining system of railway communications upon which General Lee depends. In the most important sense General Sherman's subsequent movements will be co-operative with General Grant. It has become very doubtful whether Lee will await in Richmond the progress of these movements. Sherman moving northward from Savannah threatens Richmond more seriously than does Grant at City Point. The investment of the rebel capital has been begun from a vast distance, but the rebel commander-in-chief sees every step of the way to the end. He must attend to Sherman, or Sherman will attend to him. Sherman, too, has a great army. If it is to be met at all, and with any hope of checking its progress, it must be met with an adequate force. This necessity will in a few days transform every feature of the Confederate scheme of defense in the east. If Richmond is not given up entirely, yet its defense must be so modified as to require but a small force behind its fortifications. The greater portion of Lee's army is needed further south. We shall witness during the next three months military developments, shiftings of positions, and strategic combinations more startling than those which have already inaugurated the winter campaign.

CONGRESS.

January 5:

In the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, stating that General Herron's report on the condition of military affairs in Arkansas was not yet ready. A communication from Secretary Fessenden announced the readiness of the Coast Survey Report for 1864, and 4200 copies were ordered to be printed, 3000 to be distributed. A resolution was adopted directing the Secretary of War to give information as to the number of naval enlistments that had been credited to the respective States, and the principle upon which these credits had been made. Also a resolution of inquiry into expediency of distributing the cotton captured at Savannah among the soldiers and sailors engaged in the capture, upon the principle regulating the distribution of naval prizes. The Pension Appropriation Bill was passed. Mr. Wilson's joint resolution for freeing the families of colored soldiers was debated. Mr. Wilson urged immediate action. Mr. Doolittle was for referring the resolution, on the ground that an amendment to the Constitution, covering the ground of the resolution and much more, was now under consideration in the House. He hoped that the proposition for this amendment would pass in the House. Mr. Wilson replied that he had no such hope, and even if it did pass it would be a long time before the people could act upon it. The soldiers themselves had been freed—why not free their families? Mr. Saulsbury then raised the question of the power of Congress, under the Constitution, to act in the matter: "Has the doctrine of military necessity gone so far that when we are in a state of war whatever the Congress of the United States shall decree is constitutionally decreed?" He took the ground that Congress had no power to free the negro volunteer himself if he were a slave. It was a principle of international law that if a slave be captured from his lawful owner by one belligerent, and he afterward comes back into the possession of the other belligerent, he reverts to his original owner. Mr. Sumner said that a call had just been made for 300,000 more troops. Encouragement of every kind ought to be offered to secure volunteers. It was, he said, a sufficient reason to enfranchise the negro volunteer that the Government stood in need of his service, and of his best service, which latter could not be secured so long as he remained a slave. Every argument in favor of his enfranchisement also favored the enfranchisement of his family. "There is the same practical necessity for doing it, and the same unutterable shabbiness in not doing it." In his opinion Congress was at this moment complete master of the whole question of slavery every where in the United States. "Future generations will read with amazement that a great people, when their national life was assailed, hesitated to exercise a power so simple and beneficent; and this amazement will know no bounds as they learn that Congress higgled for months on the question whether the wife and children of the colored soldier should be admitted to freedom." The question of reference was decided in the negative—19 to 15; but at Mr. Saulsbury's request further consideration of the subject was postponed.

In the House, a resolution was adopted calling upon the Secretary of the Navy to communicate the number of guns burst in the recent bombardment of Fort Fisher; on what ships, and for what cause; also the number of killed and wounded. A joint resolution was referred, providing that all vacancies in the clerical force in the several departments shall be filled by such disabled soldiers and sailors as shall be deemed competent. A resolution of inquiry as to the apportionment of naval credits was adopted.

January 6:

In the Senate, the House resolution dropping from the Army List all unemployed officers was, after considerable debate, indefinitely postponed. A resolution of thanks to Sherman and his army was passed. The same resolution was the same day passed in the House.

In the House, there was a long debate on the proposed amendment of the Constitution.

January 7:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, nearly the entire session was consumed in the debate on the proposed amendment to the Constitution.

January 9:

In the Senate, after an animated debate, the resolution to free the families of colored soldiers was passed.

In the House, the debate on the proposed amendment of the Constitution was continued. Mr. Yeaman, of Kentucky, and Mr. Odell, of New York, both Democrats, took strong grounds in favor of the proposition.

GENERAL HOOD'S RETREAT.

General Hood has Forrest to thank for the escape of his defeated army to the south side of the Tennessee River. When Sherman divided his grand army, he not only left to Thomas an inferior infantry force as compared to his own, but he also took the best part of the cavalry force. Hood, it is true, had to detach a large cavalry force under Wheeler to interrupt Sherman's march, but still he had left for Forrest a command which we may assume, counting in the mounted infantry-men, to have numbered from eight to ten thousand. Our cavalry, though inferior in numbers, were much superior in discipline. Forrest is an able leader, but mounted infantry do not answer well the purposes either of infantry or of cavalry in actual engagement. Still it was this force which saved Hood's army from complete destruction, by covering its retreat from Duck River.

The battle of Nashville was fought on the 15th and 16th of December. The next day Forrest made a stand at Spring Hill, to cover the passage of the rebel wagon-train across Duck River. That was the last serious fight of the campaign. After once crossing that stream, Hood's army gained on Thomas's in point of time. Thomas had two other disadvantages. He had to build roads as he went along for his heavy trains, and he had to follow over a tract of country difficult enough of passage for the rebel army, but still more difficult to an army coming after. Steedman was sent to Decatur to cut off Hood's retreat. He was too late for this, though, according to the latest reports, his cavalry had captured and burned Hood's pontoon train, taking at the same time 600 mules, 100 wagons, and 200 hogs. Hood crossed the Tennessee on the 23d at Bainbridge, eight miles above Florence, with about 18,000 men.

Thomas's first campaign is now at an end. The Federal loss during the campaign has been seven thousand. The rebels have lost in killed and wounded 10,700, and in prisoners 9384—total, 20,084. Sixty-eight cannon have been captured from Hood, and nineteen rebel generals placed *hors du combat*.

THE EXPEDITION UP THE ROANOKE.

We reproduce on page 44 a sketch showing the wreck of the *Otsego* and the explosion of the *Bazley*.

The expedition left Plymouth December 9. The following vessels were comprised in the naval division: the *Wyalusing*, *Chicopee*, *Valley City*, *Belle*, Picket Launch No. 5, the *Otsego*, the *Bazley*, and the *Shamrock*. A land-force under Colonel Frankle started the same day.

The squadron reached Jamesville that night. It was just above this point that the *Otsego* was blown up, having struck two torpedoes. The next morning the *Bazley* was blown up very near the wreck of the *Otsego*. A number of torpedoes were found in this neighborhood, a representation of one of which adjoins the sketch already alluded to. In the mean while the land division had pushed on beyond Jamesville to Foster's Mills, where a body of the enemy was met and repulsed. The mills were burned.

On the 20th the fleet passed Poplar Point, where it encountered rebel batteries, and found the torpedoes thicker than ever. The land-force appeared to be unable to afford any substantial aid, and the fleet withdrew down the river to Jamesville.

GENERAL GRIERSON'S RAID.

General Dana, on December 21, sent out a cavalry force which struck the Mobile and Ohio Railroad five miles below Corinth, in Hood's rear. The next day this force had succeeded in destroying the road to a point south of Okolona. Twenty-nine bridges, a great deal of trestle-work, thirty-two railroad cars, three hundred army wagons, and four thousand carbines were destroyed. Forrest's camp of dismounted men at Everona was dispersed, and six officers with twenty men were captured. Grierson had orders to destroy the road to Meridian, and, if possible, to release our prisoners at Catowader.

MORE ABOUT STONEMAN'S RAID.

Every subsequent report of the raid undertaken in Southwestern Virginia by Generals Stoneman, Burbridge, and Gillem adds to the total estimate of its value. To General Gillem was allotted a very prominent part in the expedition. It was Gillem's force which turned the tide in our favor at Saltville. Stoneman had avoided Saltville, sending a part of his command to the right and a part to the left. Breckinridge, learning that Burbridge had a force inferior to his own between Saltville and Glade Spring, attacked him with some success. At this juncture Gillem came up with his three regiments—the Eighth, Ninth, and Thirteenth Tennessee—charged the forts protecting the works, capturing 11 guns, 200 prisoners, 93 wagons, and Breckinridge's head-quarters. Burbridge pursued the rebels into North Carolina, and returned just in time to take part in the destruction of the salt-works. The importance of these works may be inferred from the fact that 6000 bushels of the article were turned out from them daily.

The expedition captured and brought away 900 prisoners, 8000 hogs, 200 mules, 200 negroes; destroyed 11 foundries, 90 flouring and saw mills, 30 bridges, 13 locomotives, and 100 cars; and captured 20 guns, 19 of which were taken by Gillem. The rebel loss in stores alone amounts to two millions of dollars.

MAYOR GUNTHER'S MESSAGE.

The Mayor complains that the heads of the Departments of the City Government are almost entirely independent of the control of the Mayor. He says that the changes made in the charter depriving the Mayor of this control have not benefited the city. "The Common Council and the Mayor, as the direct representatives of the people of the city, should be the source of all authority and control over its municipal affairs, and it is an evident anomaly to find so many officers whose election is beyond the popular will, and who are irresponsible to the magistrates of its choice." The total amount of the different descriptions of our City debt proper is $21,722,175; the County debt $10,804,900, making altogether about thirty-two and a half million dollars. Against this the Mayor reckons that the City, exclusive of all County property, can show an estate, in lands, buildings, wharves, etc., of between forty and fifty million dollars in value.

The Mayor cordially approves of the appropriations made in behalf of soldiers' families. He also advocates retrenchment in the expenses of the current year. The Mayor urges the occupation of Hamilton Square, east of Central Park, as a military parade-ground, and again repeats his former recommendation that the harbor piers should be built of stone. He urges that the example of London should be followed, in diverting the sewers from the river. This, the Mayor forgets, was a necessity in London, while in New York the rivers are the most convenient avenues of drainage.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE REPORT.

If our city is badly governed no portion of the responsibility rests upon the Police. Mr. Acton, in his report, complains—and his complaint is worthy of consideration—that while the Police have it in their power to make arrests for offenses already committed, they have not sufficient power in the premises to insure the prevention of crime. This he especially claims in regard to licensed occupations. The hotels, restaurants, dram-shops, the theatres and places of amusement, pawnbrokers, vendors, auctioneers, hackmen, cartman and omnibus drivers should, he thinks, receive their licenses from the Board of Police. The suggestion made in the previous report, that a morgue should be established, is renewed.

Robberies and larcenies are chiefly successful on account of the facilities which they have for disposing of stolen goods. The pawnbrokers receive these goods without question, and their profits are even greater than those accruing to the plunderers themselves. A pawnbroker in good standing recently received from a negro girl a diamond pin worth $700 in pledge for a loan of $2 50. Hundreds of instances of this character have been detected, and still the municipal license to these pawnbrokers is continued.

During the war there has been a great increase of crime, and especially of those crimes which involve personal violence. "Probably," says Mr. Acton, "in no city in the civilised world, not the theatre of actual war, is human life so lightly prized, and subjected to so great hazard from violence, as in New York and Brooklyn." There were arrested by the Metropolitan Police, for crimes of violence of a serious character, in 1863 and 1864 respectively, as follows:

	1863.	1864.
For felonious assault	343	469
For assaults on policemen	19	35
For attempt at rape	23	29
For insulting females in the street	33	56
For murder	79	48
For maiming	6	6
For manslaughter	1	10
For rape	21	14
For threatening life	19	30
Total	537	742

A small portion of this mass of high crime has received the punishment provided by the laws. The fault, if any exist, is somewhere beyond the power of the police.

During the year five policemen have been murdered, and thirteen have been seriously injured. As one of the means to prevent crime, Mr. Acton suggests the offer of rewards from a fund established for that purpose.

The number of truant children reported by teachers to the police during the year was 4683. Most of these were visited, and nearly 2000 reformed so as to attend school regularly. "The Act of April 12, 1853, 'to provide for the care and instruction of idle and truant children,' authorizes the creation of such an institution by municipal authority, but it has not been carried into effect. An amendment to render it practically effective would be the means of conferring great benefits upon these unfortunates of the rising generation, and upon society. The streets of our city are filled with truant and vagrant children, offspring of misery and misfortune; they are in training to recruit the fearful armies of vice and crime, which are already so numerous as to threaten the welfare of society and the very existence of Government."

The organized asylums are nearly all full; at least this is true of the Catholic ones, and yet the streets are full of children uncared for.

Mr. Acton also makes a useful suggestion to prevent violent outbreaks in the city, viz: the organization of a Police Brigade, to number 500.

The present Fire Department of the City consists of 3960 members, having in charge and operating 29 steam and 18 hand fire-engines. Mr. Acton thinks the present force inefficient, not because it is lacking in strength, but because it is a volunteer force. In Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati the volunteer system has been dispensed with with good results. Mr. Acton urges the substitution of steam for hand engines.

Mr. Acton thinks that it would conduce to the good order of society if a law were passed rendering it a crime to carry concealed deadly weapons.

OUR CITY FINANCES.

The total amount of moneys disbursed on city, county, and State accounts for the year 1864 amounted to somewhat over fifteen millions of dollars. Of this sum four millions alone have been expended by the city authorities, the remaining eleven millions having been disbursed through agencies over which the city authorities have no control.

THE COMMERCIAL RECORD FOR 1864.

During the year just passed there have been, in the loyal States, 510 failures, with liabilities amounting in the aggregate to eight millions and a half. The number of failures in the same States in 1857 was over four thousand, with liabilities of $266,000,000; in 1861 there were nearly six thousand failures, though the liabilities were less in amount than in 1857. Since the war began the number of failures has steadily diminished. The Business Houses in the loyal States are estimated as being 168,925 in number, representing nearly five thousand millions of dollars.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President has removed General B. F. Butler from command, ordering him to report at Lowell, Massachusetts.

On December 31, the rebels made an attack on the picket line of the Ninth Corps, killing two, wounding three, and capturing thirty-five.

The verdict of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, relative to the Petersburg mine affair, throws a divided responsibility upon Generals Burnside and Meade, and the General who led the assault.

At the battle of Franklin the Missouri Brigade went into the fight 688 strong, and had 109 killed, 242 wounded, and 96 captured, making a loss of 447. General Cockerell was wounded three times, but not seriously. Colonel Gates was also wounded. Colonel Garland and Major Parker, with a long list of Captains and Lieutenants, were among the killed.

The exchange of prisoners between our own and the rebel authorities has been resumed on James River. Colonel Mulford, Union Exchange Commissioner, went up the river from Fortress Monroe, January 5, with a consignment of rebel officers.

It was decided on the 7th that the Montreal court has jurisdiction in the case of the rearrested St. Albans raiders, and their examination will therefore be proceeded with very soon.

General Thomas has been appointed Major-General in the regular Army, in place of John C. Fremont, resigned, to date from December 15.

The *Times* correspondent, under date of January 5, writes: "Deserters are still coming over to us in abundance from the enemy. Thirty took the oath of allegiance two days ago, and the average number of them amounts to three hundred weekly. They all bring the same stories, so often repeated, of thorough lassitude in the rebel army, disgust at the war and all belonging to it, and a readiness to come back to the Union, or any thing to escape the grinding despotism of Davis and his satellites."

A telegram sent by General Grant from City Point announces the death of the rebel General Price from paralysis. The statement was taken from the Richmond papers.

Brevet-Major-General Crook, of the Army of West Virginia, has been made a full Major-General of volunteers.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of James L. Hood, of Illinois, to be Consul at Bangkok, Siam.

The steamer *Potomac* from New York to Portland took fire at 4.10 A.M., January 6, off Cape Elizabeth. Four lives were lost out of eighteen.

The Richmond *Sentinel* of January 4 has an article favoring a modification of the railroad system in South Carolina and Georgia. This has been made necessary by the occupation of Savannah.

On January 3, the United States steamer *Saginaw* arrived at San Francisco with the seven rebel pirates of Hogan's party, who were arrested on the steamer *Salvador*, off Panama, in November, and whose transmission across the Isthmus was prevented by the authorities of New Granada.

During the past year there have arrived at the port of New York 182,766 immigrants, an increase of 25,000 over the preceding year.

The total expenses of the State prisons for 1864 have been $871,909. These prisons contain 1802 convicts, of whom 158 are females.

Since the beginning of the war the State of New York has given 437,701 men to the Government.

General Bragg has issued a congratulatory Order to his troops on their successful defense of Fort Fisher. The bombardment on December 24 lasted five hours, on the 25th seven hours, expending, according to Bragg's account, over twenty thousand shots, from fifty kinds of vessels. The rebels responded with 1262 shots, counting both days. He estimates his loss as three killed and fifty-five wounded. "The ground," he says, "in the front and rear of the fort is covered with shells, and is torn in deep pits." Two guns in the fort burst, two were dismounted by the garrison, and two by the fire from the fleet. The fort is uninjured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

WE have advices from France which confirm the report that Juarez had issued letters-of-marque to Americans against French ships.

The Pope has replied to the late rebel manifesto, and expressed himself in favor of peace.

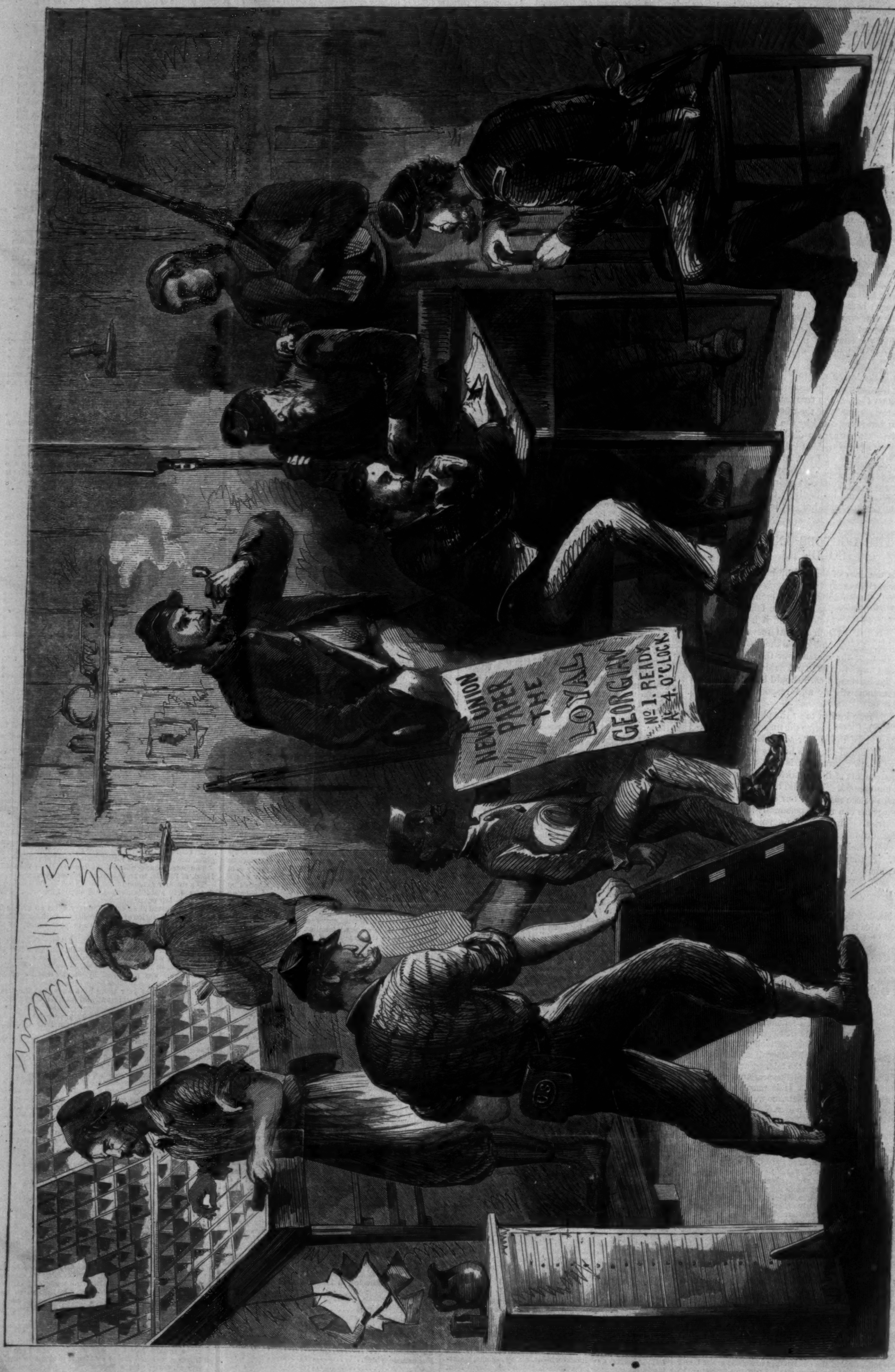
The coiling of the new Atlantic cable on board the *Amethyst* has commenced.

Charles Conti, a Corsican, has been appointed to succeed M. Mocquard as private secretary to Louis Napoleon.

The Pope has issued a bull condemning all modern religious and political errors having a tendency hostile to the Catholic Church, and exhorting his Bishops to confute them.

Victor Emanuel decrees the occupation of convents in Florence for the service of the State.

December 22 Queen Isabella opened the session of the Spanish Cortes. There has been a serious ministerial crisis, arising out of the policy of the Spanish Government toward San Domingo and perhaps Peru. Señor Navarez resigned, but it was found difficult to establish a new ministry. He was recalled, and it is probable that San Domingo will be abandoned, and a less extreme policy adopted toward Peru.



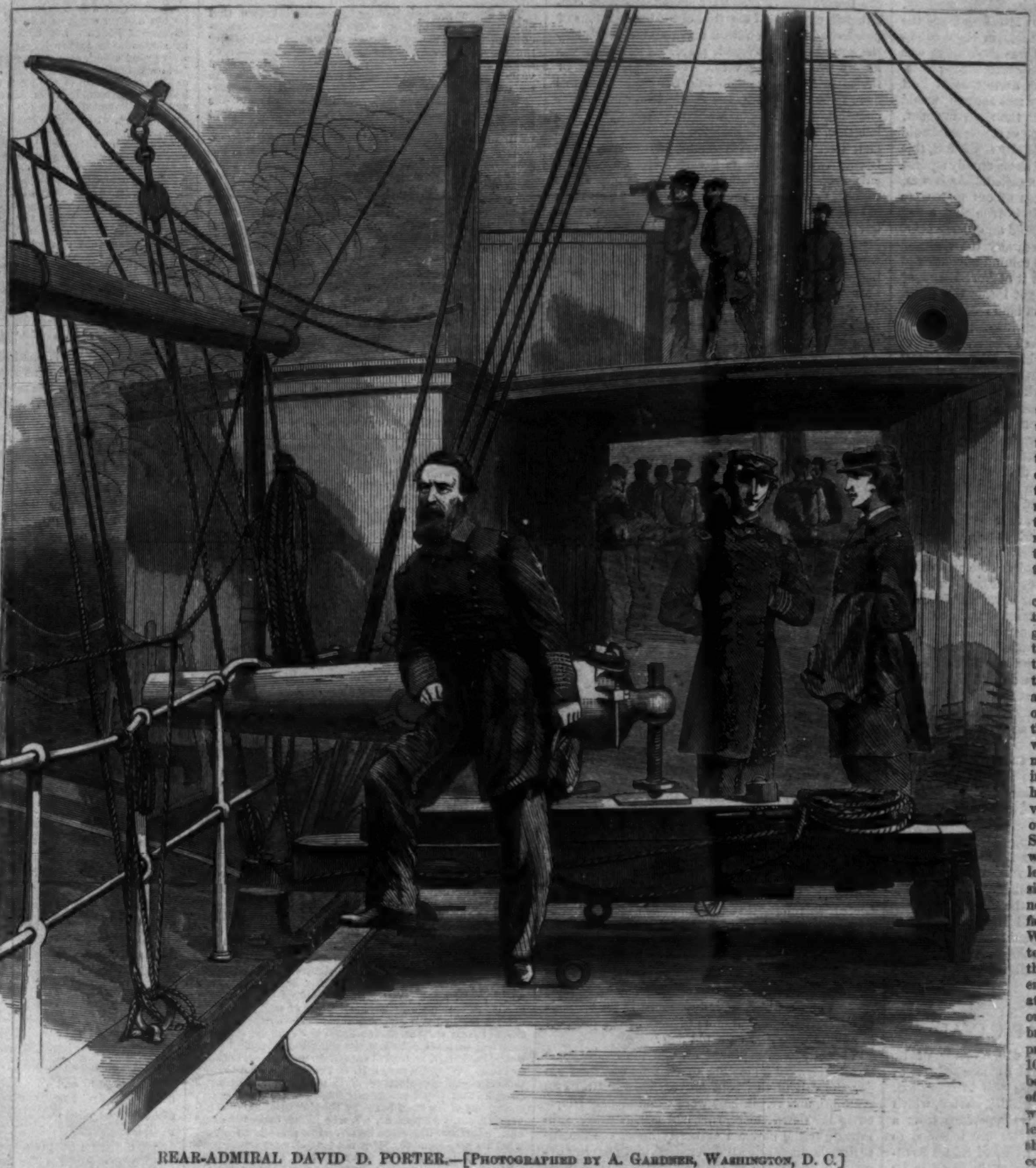
THE UNION ARMY ENTERED SAVANNAH ON THE 21st DECEMBER, AND ON THE 24th THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE *LOYAL GEORGIAN* WAS ISSUED.

THE WILMINGTON EXPEDITION.

REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, the commander of the naval division of the late Wilmington Expedition, is a son of the famous Commodore PORTER of the *Essex*. He is about fifty years of age, and has belonged to the navy over thirty years. A few years ago, when he commanded the *Crescent City*, he attracted considerable attention by persisting in an effort to enter the port of Havana under the shotted guns of Moro Castle, and against the order of the Spanish authorities. He took an active part in reducing the forts below New Orleans, and was afterward engaged in the memorable naval actions on the Mississippi.

Considerable fault has been found with the management of the military division of the expedition. The editor of the Norfolk *New Regime*, who accompanied General BUTLER, gives an account which explains the nature of the difficulties that our soldiers had to encounter after landing.

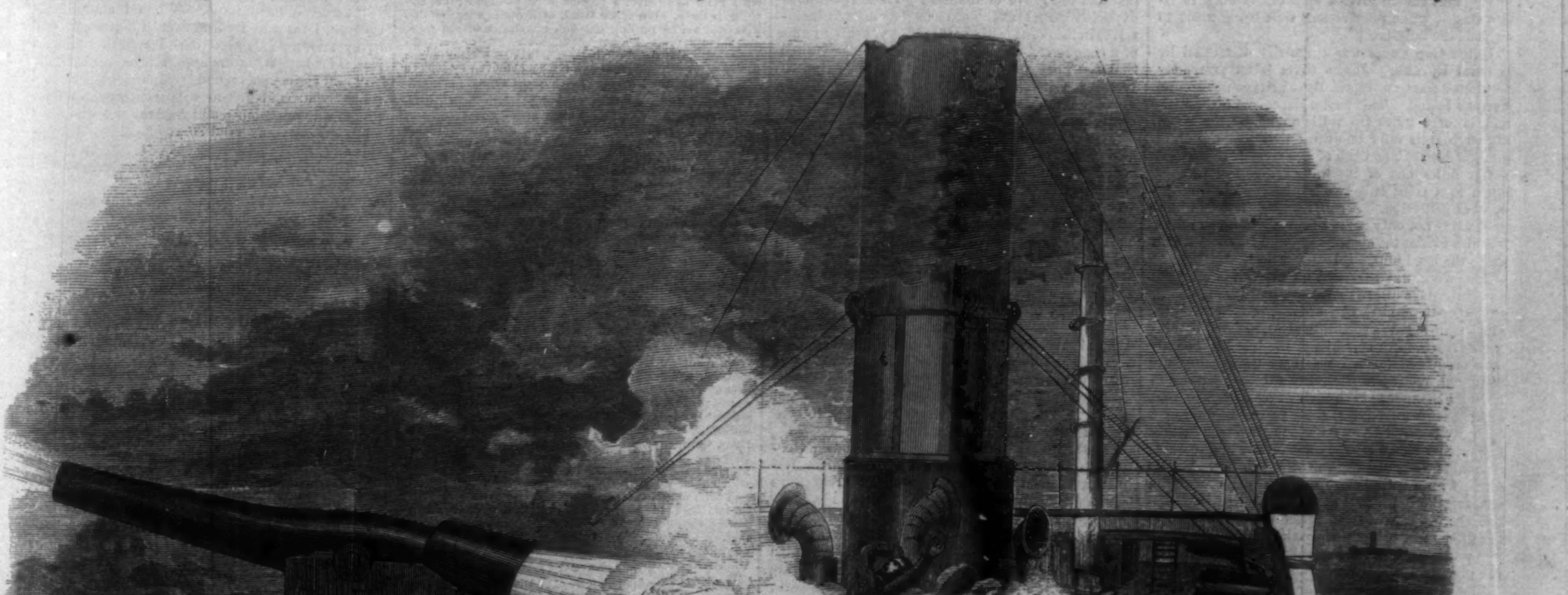
According to this account a thousand men had debarked from the transports at half past two o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th. At this time PORTER's flag-ship came alongside of BUTLER's, and, after the customary salutations, and as the ships were drifting apart, the Admiral cried through his trumpet, "General, there is not a rebel within five miles of the fort. You have nothing to do but throw in troops and occupy it." The General, turning to some one near him, said, quietly, "I have a fellow on shore there, one WEITZEL, who will find that out." In fact, while this conversation was going on, WEITZEL, with his staff, accompanied by a member of BUTLER's staff, was approaching the fort, the troops under GRAHAM and CURTIS having first taken possession of the two sand-works, Flag-pond and Half-moon batteries. WEITZEL and his party soon found themselves on the northern front of Fort Fisher, and within range of seventeen guns, some of which, supported by musketeers, opened upon them.



REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

It was now discovered, from the prisoners which had been taken with the captured batteries, that, instead of there being no rebels within five miles of the fort, there were 800 men in the work; and that instead of 36 guns—the estimated armament of the fort—there were nearer 60; and that the garrison were securely stowed away in the casemates. He also learned that HOKE's division was then encamped within a mile of the fort. Indeed, this division, consisting of a force nearly equal to BUTLER's entire command, was now attacking the Federal troops in the rear, though, fortunately, the latter were covered by the fire of the *Brooklyn*.

According to this account WEITZEL was certainly not in an advantageous condition for an attack. Behind him was the sea; before him was the fort, still uninjured as a defensive work, and only waiting the cessation of the bombardment which must come with night, to open upon him in full force; and upon his flank was a rebel division outnumbering his own, while a regiment of South Carolina cavalry was at Masonborough Inlet. If this view of the situation be a correct one no censure can certainly fall upon BUTLER and WEITZEL for their determination to re-embark the troops. The process of embarkation commenced at five o'clock. Not only our own men were to be brought off, but 300 rebel prisoners also, including 10 officers; and this was to be accomplished in spite of a high-rolling surf, which forced BUTLER to leave 300 of his men on shore overnight, under cover of the *Brooklyn*.



BURSTING OF THE 100-POUND PARROTT GUN ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "JUNIATA," DECEMBER 24, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.]

The mistake, then, was not in the failure to make an assault, which must have issued disastrously. It will be objected that the fire of the fleet made the garrison useless, by keeping them in their bomb-proofs. But until the assault was made there was no reason for the garrison to leave their bomb-proofs. If our forces had attempted an assault, as at Fort Wagner, the garrison, we may rest assured, would have made their appearance at the right moment. As to the fire of the fleet, as soon as our forces should have reached the immediate vicinity of the fort, this fire, if kept up, would have told as effectually against the assailants as against the assailed. As it was, even in the reconnoissance ten of our men were wounded by our own fire. It is true that a flag was carried off, a horse stolen, and an orderly bearing dispatches killed, and naturally the question recurs, Why did not the whole column advance and take the fort? But how was it at Fort Wagner? There hundreds of our men got inside the work, part of which they held over an hour; and yet Fort Wagner was not taken. When it *was* taken afterward it was by siege. At Fort Fisher, too, there were elements of resistance which did not exist at Wagner. Besides an armament twice as heavy, there was in front of the work a ditch from eight to ten feet in depth, which could be crossed only by a bridge twenty feet in length. Under these circumstances, and in remembrance of the fact that no assault on an earth-work, defended by a determined garrison, has succeeded during the war, we may congratulate ourselves on the wisdom which deterred Generals WEITZEL and BUTLER from making an attempt which would have magnified a simple reverse into a great disaster.

The mistake seems to have been that the circumstances to which we have alluded were not calculated upon in the first instance and before the expedition was undertaken. Our naval and military authorities have had sufficient experience to have avoided so glaring a mistake as this. The times have changed since BUTLER and STRINGHAM took Forts Clark and Hatteras. The rebels have learned, if we have not, how much dependence can be put on a strong earth-work stubbornly and prudently defended; and they are not so easily frightened by the mere mention of an iron-clad as they formerly were.

Wilmington will be taken, and so will Charleston; but they will be taken as SHERMAN took Savannah—by a formidable investment, or else by occupation of such positions as render them untenable or unimportant.

We illustrate on the preceding page the bursting of a 100-pound Parrott gun on board the *Juniata*. A similar accident occurred on board several vessels. In this way a larger number of our men were wounded than by the guns of the fort. What the cause may have been why all these accidents—there were six of them—should have happened only to 100-pound Parrott guns, is a problem to which the naval authorities will, we hope, give the proper attention.

THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.

WE have previously, in No. 410, Volume VIII., given an illustration of General BUTLER's Canal at Dutch Gap, while the work was still in operation. The more picturesque and interesting sketch, which we give on the first page, we reproduce from a photographic view, for which we are indebted to Captain S. L. LANGDON, First United States Artillery. This sketch gives a view of the work in its last stages, while preparations were being made to explode the bulk-head.

Dutch Gap Canal was originally suggested by General BUTLER. James River is an extremely tortuous stream, and especially so in its course around Farrar's Island. This peninsula, misnamed an island, is forty miles from Richmond by the river, although it is only one-third that distance by a straight line. The bend of the river here takes it seven miles out of its way, bringing it around again to a point only two hundred yards from its point of deflection. A canal across these two hundred yards not only saves a journey of seven miles, but also evades the obstructions and batteries which make the bend impassable to our fleet.

The work was surveyed on the 7th of August, and three days afterward was actually commenced. Brigadier-General B. C. LUDLOW, of General BUTLER's staff, acted as superintendent, assisted by Major PETER S. MICHIE, Chief of Engineers. The enemy occupied elevated positions threatening the workmen, and it was necessary at first to proceed in the same manner as in throwing up parallels in front of an enemy's fortifications. In the beginning a declivity covered the working parties who at first dug ditches, throwing the earth up as a breast-work. Several of these at length merged into a single wide ditch, with a dam left so that the rush of water in opening the lower part of the canal would not deluge the workmen in the upper part, who were to dig fifteen feet below tide-mark. Soon such progress was made that rails were laid and cars supplied the place of wheel-barrows.

The enemy erected mortar batteries under cover of the river-bank, which proved a great annoyance. Then bomb-proofs had to be built for security to the workmen. In the beginning New York soldiers were employed, but these were subsequently relieved by colored soldiers. These suffered much from fever, brought on by the dampness to which they were exposed.

By the middle of November fifteen thousand cubic yards of earth had been removed by hand. The steam dredge removed, in addition, fifty tons a day. In a little over a month more all that remained to be done was to remove the dam between the two sections and the bulk-head still left at the upper end. The dam was easily removed by mining. More elaborate preparations, however, had to be made for the removal of the bulk-head. This was cut into three pieces, as far as possible. Streets were cut through, and thus one-third of the mass of earth removed. From the vertical cut on the left of the centre galleries were run toward the centre; and, after reaching a proper point, a shaft was sunk twenty-eight feet in depth, from which galleries ran toward the river. Five magazines were constructed, capable all together of holding six tons of powder, and at four o'clock P.M. on New-Year's Day the grand explosion took place. The effect was hardly what was expected. A great proportion of the earth fell back again into the canal, and will have to be removed by the dredging-machine under circumstances not especially advantageous. The length of the canal is between five and six hundred feet, its greatest width about one hundred and twenty-two feet, and its greatest depth about seventy feet. Unfortunately the entire length of the canal is now open to the enemy's fire.

Since its commencement seven thousand shells have been thrown in and around the canal; fifty men have been killed there, and two hundred wounded; forty-five horses have been killed, three barges sunk, and nine tugs disabled. The engineer who has superintended the work, PETER S. MICHIE, has been made Brevet Major, for meritorious services during the campaign. He is a graduate of West Point, is modest in deportment, and a great favorite among his brother officers.

LOYAL SAVANNAH.

THE situation of Savannah, since its restoration to the Union, may be considered as an epitome of the general state of the South when the restoration of that misguided section shall have been finally accomplished. We doubt if the intelligence of HOOD's defeat will produce an effect as demoralizing upon the remaining citizens of the Confederacy as the latest news from Savannah. A country of vast resources, really contending against oppression, may look upon the spectacle of a defeated army and still remain dauntless and determined. But when a great section like the South, entangled against the popular will and through the delusive pretexts of ambitious leaders, in a war needless and criminal from the first, looks upon a spectacle which illustrates the deceit practiced upon the people and the criminality of the scheme in which they have been involved, the effect is startling and revolutionary.

Such a spectacle is afforded to the people of the South in the attitude recently taken by the citizens of Savannah. When New Orleans was captured the case was quite different. The animus of rebellion had not then been so far spent, nor was its hopelessness so evident. Besides, there was considerable difference in the original temper of the people of the two cities. Savannah was captured at a time when the Confederacy had been reduced almost to hopelessness, and it was captured under circumstances which reflected great discredit upon the rebel Commander-in-Chief. It was to be expected, therefore, that the emotion which her citizens would display would be that of indignation against DAVIS, and of passive acquiescence to the Federal power. But how will the rebel leaders feel when they read the proceedings which actually followed upon the capture of the city, and find that, instead of passive submission, there is an element of exultation—of supreme gladness at the prospect of again living under the old flag?

The city was captured on the 21st. Just one week afterward a meeting of citizens was held under the call of their old Mayor, Doctor RICHARD ARNOLD, and resolutions were unanimously adopted to lay down their arms and accept peace, submitting to the national authority under the Constitution, laying aside all differences, and burying bygones in the grave of the past. These resolutions explicitly state that the citizens "do not put themselves in the position of a captured city, asking terms of a conqueror," but that of citizens of the United States. They, moreover, request Governor BROWN to call a Convention of the people of Georgia, to give the latter an opportunity of pronouncing for or against the continuance of the war.

It is probable that General FOSTER's command will occupy Savannah when General SHERMAN enters upon the new campaign for which he has been making preparations. In the mean time SHERMAN's orders in relation to the city are beneficent and judicious. While Savannah is to be held as a military post, still ample provision is made for the 20,000 people within its limits, and for such others as may come. All the ordinary pursuits of life are to be continued, and commerce with the outer world is to be resumed to an extent commensurate with the wants of the citizens. The Quarter-master and Commissary departments may give suitable employment to the people, white or black, or transport them to such points as they choose, and may extend temporary relief in the way of provisions and shelter. The Mayor and City Council are to continue in the exercise of their functions.

The attitude assumed by the citizens toward General SHERMAN does honor both to him and them. Immediately upon the General's arrival Mr. CHARLES GREEN offered his elegant mansion for his headquarters, a favor of which the General availed himself. The house is the most elegant in the city. As seen in our sketches, the vestibule is decorated with the banyan and banana trees, and with rare and valuable statuary. The house fronts on a park, and is almost hidden by the trees that surround it.

The evacuation of Savannah on the night of December 20 is represented to have been a most ludicrous spectacle. Every kind of vehicle was pressed into use; and how hasty the departure was may be inferred from the fact that not a gun was spiked, while vast stores of cotton were left uninjured.

Fort Jackson, of which we give two views, is so situated as to serve as one of the defenses of Savannah River. It was seized, together with Fort Pulaski, by order of Governor BROWN, January 3, 1861. Since that time it has been greatly strengthened. Its original cost of construction was $182,000.

The capture of Savannah has destroyed an important channel of supply for LEE's army. In the course of a single week it has often happened that LEE has received 11,000 head of cattle *via* Savannah, on the Albany and Gulf Road, from Florida. It is in this way that SHERMAN's movements are even now to be regarded as flank movements against the one great army of the Confederacy.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE SUBTERRANEAN BARBER.—It is well known that Sir Richard Arkwright—to whose ingenuity and perseverance, more than to any other cause, we are indebted for the marvelous growth of our cotton manufactures—began life as a poor barber. It is now more than a hundred years since he occupied a kind of underground kitchen in the town of Bolton, in Lancashire, to which he endeavored to attract customers by exhibiting a board with the facetious inscription, "Come to the Subterranean Barber; he shaves for a Penny." Whether the barbers of the town really dreaded this announcement, or merely felt the customary jealousy toward an interloper—for Arkwright was a native, not of Bolton, but of Preston—does not appear; but a fierce opposition is said to have been at once commenced between them. The Bolton barbers reduced their prices; but the man whose inventive genius was destined to create a revolution in British industry was not likely to be beaten when fairly roused. Arkwright took down his board, and painted out the offensive inscription; but it was only to substitute the still more alarming words—"Richard Arkwright, Subterranean Barber; A Clean Shave for a Half-penny!" We may assume that the Bolton barbers after this left their underground rival to shave the town in peace. Where Arkwright's cellar was, is not exactly known—indeed, the facts relative to his early life are somewhat obscure; but Mr. French, in his Biography of Crompton, informs us that a gentleman in Bolton still preserves, as a relic of Arkwright, the leaden vessel in which his customers were accustomed to wash after being shaved. Like most handicraftsmen, whose business leaves them much spare time, barbers are frequently ingenious men—a truth which appears to be as old as the Arabian Nights' Tales, most readers of which will remember the barber who left his half-shaven customers to take astronomical observations in an adjoining garden. Arkwright appears to have corresponded in many ways with that ancient prototype of Oriental humor. His mind was always filled with schemes of ingenious mechanism for shortening labor, and appears, like many other uneducated men, to have long dreamed of discovering that philosopher's stone of mechanics—perpetual motion. Like the wife of the potter, Bernard Palissy, Mrs. Arkwright was not unnaturally impatient of his neglect of the customers, who now began, we may suppose, to be more numerous in the barber's kitchen. Convinced that he would starve his family by scheming when he ought to be shaving, Mrs. Arkwright one day, in a fit of anger, destroyed some of his cherished models of machinery; and in a moment the unfortunate barber saw the fruit of his labor and ingenuity, and all the prospective wealth that they were to bring him, gone, as he thought, forever. Arkwright never forgave this act. He separated from her immediately, nor would any thing induce him ever to live with her again.

AMMONIA IN FIRES.—An apothecary at Nantes has just discovered by the merest accident that ammonia will put out fires. He happened to have about seventy litres of benzine in his cellar, and his boy, in going down carelessly with a light, had set fire to it. Assistance was speedily at hand, and pail after pail of water was being poured into the cellar without producing any effect, when the apothecary himself took up a pail which was standing neglected in the corner, and emptied the contents into the cellar. To his astonishment the flames were quenched as if by magic, and upon examination he found that the pail, which belonged to his laboratory, had contained a quantity of liquid ammonia. The result is easy to explain on scientific principles; for ammonia, which consists of 82 parts of nitrogen and 18 of hydrogen, is easily decomposed by heat, and the nitrogen thus set free in the midst of a conflagration must infallibly put out the flames. A large supply of liquid ammonia properly administered would be the promptest fire extinguisher ever imagined.

WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH OLD RAGS.—There is a church actually existing near Bergen, Prussia, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The relievos outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-maché, rendered water-proof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg. We have not yet reached this audacity in our use of paper; but it should hardly surprise us, inasmuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steamboats, and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick II. of Prussia set up a limited papier-maché manufactory at Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff-boxes by the sleight-of-hand of advancing art. At present, we, who haunt cathedrals and build churches, like stone better. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not long since it would have seemed as impossible to cover eighteen acres of ground with glass as to erect a pagoda of soap-bubbles; yet the thing is done. When we think of a psalm sung by one thousand voices pealing through an edifice of old rags, and the universal element bound down to carry our messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptuous to say what can and what can not be achieved by science and art under the training of steady old Time.

SCANDAL and gossipings are things to be kept out of, rigidly, with an unbending back and lips hermetically sealed. If indeed any one likes an affectionate affiliation with hornets, and rather prefers than not a wasp's nest for a domicile, let him go into the world of gossip—that floating, restless, Protean world where nothing is as it seems, or seems as it is. He will have a rare time of it, and ample opportunities for studying the properties of venom and the law of projectiles. And one thing we devoutly hope he will have an opportunity for studying—the law of the moral boomerang, which brings back upon his own pate, and with a pretty sharp crack too, the scandal and the lie which he has flung at another. If people would but keep out of the vortex of gossip a great many more lives than are allowed to do so now would stand clear and free of blame; for gossip, as a rule, deals in lies not truths, and for one accusation with a root grounded in fact there are thousands head downward, with all four feet in the air, and not a leg to stand on.

AN ANCIENT HUMAN RELIC.—The *Nouvelliste* of Rouen relates the following strange circumstance: "The Marquis de V——, who possesses a fine property on the borders of the Forest of Cinglait (Calvados), has on his grounds a number of old Druidical oaks. A few days since, some workmen, who were employed in cutting down one of those trees, were surprised at finding in the hollow trunk the body of a man, which, on being touched, fell to dust. By his side was found the remains of a lance, the iron head of which alone was perfect. The supposition is that the man had been placed there, either dead or alive, by means of an incision made in the tree, the bark of which had afterward grown over and concealed the opening; and from the antique form of the lance-head, the belief is that he was one of the followers of Rollon, the leader of the men from the North who first invaded Neustria.

A *Times* correspondent relates the following incident connected with the battle of Nashville: "I was near General Thomas upon one occasion, when a shower of bullets rained in among his staff—the whole assemblage being less than half a mile from the rebel line. 'Why,' says the General, 'I believe the scoundrels are shooting at me.' He did not vacate the premises, however, until duty called him to another part of the field."

A LAUGHABLE incident of the bribery practiced at the recent election in New York is told by a correspondent: An Irishman, who thought his vote worth half a day's wages, agreed to vote the Democratic ticket for one dollar. He went to the tavern where the ballots and bribes were distributed, and receiving a ticket, which he was assured was all right, went over to the polls to deposit it, which he did without difficulty or objection. That done, he returned to the tavern to get his dollar, and was astonished at being told that a bill for that amount was inclosed in his ticket. He had actually deposited both the dollar and ballot in the box, and had the assurance, after the closing of the polls and while the tickets were being counted, to go to the inspectors and claim the money. The bill was found in the ballot, but the latter was thrown out, and the Irishman did not get the former.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady: Her looks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rose-bud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a dollar, containing your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches' elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain: His hair was sleeked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps, with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and portentous frills worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

A WONDERFUL FAT MAN.

AS I was idling about one of those towns the inhabitants of which, entertaining a serious objection to theatres, are obliged to depend, for amusement, on itinerant lecturers, conjurors, comic recitationists, popular preachers, and circuses, and other shows, my attention was drawn to a menagerie by a band of nigger minstrels stationed on the outside of it, playing appropriate airs. Above and behind the musicians a series of wonderful works of Art indicated the wonderful works of Nature to be seen within. Among these paintings was the figure of an enormously fat man, entitled, in large illuminated letters underneath his portrait, "The Second Daniel Lambert." I thought I should like to see this second Daniel, and being what is euphemistically called stout myself, walked up and demanded gratuitous admission on the ground of being one of the brotherhood. But that, the money-taker said, could not entitle me to see the lions and tigers, because, if I was a monster, still I was not a beast. I accepted the compliment, paid my money, and went in.

The Fat Man was in a sort of annexe to the caravan. He panted and perspired very much.

"Hard work, Sir," I observed.

Puffing laboriously, he answered, "Yes, Sir!"

"I hope, Sir," I said, "that your exertions are liberally rewarded by Mr. Saunders"—the name of the showman.

"I am Mr. Saunders, Sir. I am my own proprietor."

"No! Are you, though, really? Well, Sir, I admire your moral courage. You show your sense, Sir, in thus accepting your situation, and making the most of yourself."

"Ah, Sir!" he said, "I have made the most of myself indeed. This fat, Sir"—he did not say this here fat, but spoke very much like a gentleman—"all this fat is not natural."

"Is it not?"

"No, Sir. I am"—here he slightly chuckled—"what you may call a self-made man."

"Ah!" said I, "that's what we stout gentlemen most of us are, I'm afraid. We do make prize-pigs of ourselves with our eyes open—in that particular unlike the pigs."

"I did it on purpose, Sir."

"On purpose, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, on purpose. When I started this concern, I thought I might as well become part of it, by making an exhibition of myself. I had a reason for it. What are appearances, Sir?"

"Full eight yards round," I answered. "Sir, I respect your contempt for appearances, and for the people who are astonished by them, and who come and stare at you. And so you made yourself of this size, Sir?"

"I did, Sir."

"How did you do it, Sir?"

"The old way, Sir—eating and drinking.

"What did you eat, Sir?"

"Potatoes. I ate a good deal of potatoes. And bread, Sir. Ate a good deal of bread. You see, Sir, I did just the reverse of what Mr. Banting recommends for bringing this down."

"Did you, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir. Butter. I ate a good deal of that. Sugar, too; large quantities of sugar. Sugar's very fattening, contains so much carbon; dissolves so fast and runs into fat. Pies, tarts, puddings, sweets of all kinds. Pork too, Sir, pork: ate a great deal of pork. Not much bacon; no. Don't like it; too filling to fatten on. Salmon, stewed eels, too; nice, rich, nourishing; very fond of stewed eels. Milk and cream; have two bowls of bread and milk a day. Oil, and starch, and saccharine matter, Sir; as much as possible of food containing plenty of oil, starch, and saccharine matter."

"What did you drink, Sir?"

"As much fluid as possible, Sir; as much of every pleasant fluid. A good deal of tea; 'tis a solvent for the solid food. Beer; ale, good fat Burton. Stout. Fruity port. Clicquot's Champagne. Hot rum and water, strong and sweet. Ah!"

"You must have had a strong motive, Sir, to induce you to acquire a bulk which appears to be distressing."

"I had, Sir. My wife died, Sir, and at the same time I experienced a reverse of fortune. I have one son, Sir, to whom I am desirous of giving a good education. Having had an indifferent one myself, I had no means of earning the wherewithal by intellectual exertion. Always rather disliked exertion of any kind. Thought that the least troublesome way of getting money would be riding about with a show. At that time Mr. Banting's pamphlet fell in my way. It made an impression on me. I wanted a wonderful fat man. Couldn't one be made by practicing the contrary of Banting's rules? Why not make one of myself? As I had determined to start a show, fancied that the pleasantest occupation would be that of cramming myself up, as my son says, for its chief attraction."

"Sir," said I, "you are a wonderful father. You are a prodigy of parental affection."

"He's in there now, Sir," said the fat man, pointing to a green baize partition at the back of the van. "Home for the vacation from the University."

"Come, Governor," called a voice from behind the green baize. "Time to shut up. Want to light my cigar."

"He's not in orders yet," observed the fond father.

"Come, I say, Governor!" repeated the undergraduate.

"Bless you, Sir!" I cried, grasping the Fat Man's hand. "May your Boy prove a blessing to you! Farewell!"

And I rushed away.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

I HAD been for twenty years a clerk in a merchant's office, without a hope of ever rising much higher or of being able to do more than secure a modest provision for old age by dint of small economies and much self-denial. One morning I awoke and found myself a man of property. The post had brought an announcement of the death of an old uncle of my father's, to whose property I was heir-at-law; no will having been found since his death.

After all, it was not a very grand inheritance. But it was an independence, and quite enough to satisfy all the modest wants and wishes of a merchant's clerk.

The notary who had announced my succession to my grand-uncle's property met me at the railway station, near my future home. My first question was how he knew of my relationship to the deceased, who had long ceased to hold any communication with his family, and had been almost forgotten by them.

"I knew it from a will that I made for him last December," he said, "which document if it had still existed would have deprived me of the pleasure I now enjoy of making your acquaintance. I must tell you that some five years ago your grand-uncle took a young girl into his family, the orphan daughter of a farmer whom he had known many years. This girl assisted the housekeeper, Madame Lemaitre; and, when the old gentleman was ill, nursed him with the affection and devotion of a daughter. To her he left all his property, except a small legacy to yourself as his sole living relative."

"But the will? What became of it?"

"It was not to be found after your kinsman's death, and the housekeeper asserts that he destroyed it himself, and was about to make another in *her* favor, but was prevented by his sudden death."

"Why had he altered his intentions?"

Doricourt shook his head.

"The old woman asserts that he had had, of late, some cause to doubt the honesty of the young girl Suzanne. He had lost a great many articles of value. Suzanne has a brother who bears a very bad character, and Bornand believed (according to Madame Lemaître) that the girl had robbed him to supply the necessities of this good-for-nothing relative."

"Truly," said I, "he was right, then, to change his mind. But it is fortunate for me that he did not execute another will, since a servant was still to have been preferred to his kinsman. What has become of Suzanne?"

"Well, you see," replied the notary, with a little hesitation, "she takes charge of the poultry, and is invaluable as a dairy woman; therefore I would not dismiss her till you arrived and could suit yourself with another maid. I must beg your charitable consideration for this poor young girl, who is homeless and destitute, and at present without a character to obtain another place."

"And who hoped, doubtless, to possess the farm itself," I added, considerably touched by the sad change in this unfortunate's circumstances. We talked of her and of the property, till Doricourt, suddenly pointing with his whip over his shoulder, exclaimed:

"There is your farm."

It was a substantial looking house, with tall chimneys, surrounded by apple orchards, but certainly not possessing any claim to be considered a picturesque dwelling.

We drove up to the door, which was opened by a young girl of nineteen.

As we passed into the house I looked at her with interest. She was a tall, well-made young woman, with a fair, fresh complexion, large blue eyes, and light-brown hair. There was a certain pathos in her voice, and a resigned sadness in her countenance which excited my pity.

My dreams that night were all of Suzanne—of this disinherited, accused orphan.

The jealous eye of old Lemaître detected an understanding between me and my servant, and it was not long before Suzanne suffered for it. One day, as I was passing an open door of one of the bedchambers, I heard Lemaître scolding the poor girl cruelly. She reproached her with deceit, with artifice, and with unmaidenly forwardness. At first Suzanne made no reply; when she did at last answer it was with angelic mildness and patience. Her meekness appeared to provoke the old fury still more, and she actually struck the young girl a blow on the face. This was more than I could endure. I entered the room, and sternly demanded what she meant by such conduct? Her answer was a storm of accusations against Suzanne, whom she called a thief and a hypocrite.

"If you wish to be safe in life and property, you had better dismiss her at once," she screamed. "She won't get honestly angry—not she! She is waiting her time to give me a quieting potion, I suppose."

A low ejaculation of horror from Suzanne interrupted her.

"Madame Lemaître," said I, sternly, "you can not know what you say. But I will not suffer so ungovernable a temper. You will quit my service at once."

"Very well," she replied, insolently. "If it hadn't been for an evil chance or worse I should have been mistress here. That girl has got round you with her big blue eyes and her calm face—but she will sell you yet to Jacques."

(Jacques was Suzanne's brother.)

Poor Suzanne murmured words of meek sorrow and gentle reproach. My own temper was fairly roused.

"You shall quit the house this very day," I said; "I wonder you dare to be so insolent. Suzanne, leave the room, and do not see this woman again."

Thus I dismissed Madame Lemaitre. I installed Suzanne in her place.

The days went on smoothly but monotonously. Winter at last stole on us. The weather was dark and dreary; the cold intense.

One evening I bade Suzanne bring her work, and come to keep me company. I found this young girl well-read in our best authors, shrewd, intelligent, even witty. I desired her to come again the next evening, and it became an established custom henceforward that she should make my coffee for me.

One evening I was amusing myself when she entered by looking at the few family jewels which I had inherited from my great-uncle. Doricourt had given me the old casket containing them on the day of my arrival at the farm; but hitherto I had had neither time nor inclination to examine them.

They consisted of a pair of bracelets of enamel, clasped with diamonds, which had probably belonged to my great-grandmother, judging from their antique fashion; a huge pair of massive gold buckles, and a garnet necklace; there was also an old watch inlaid with stones. While I still held the bracelets in my hand Suzanne entered the room. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration. "Oh, Sir, what beautiful bracelets!"

"They are very handsome," I answered; "did you never see them before?"

"Oh no, Sir. Our poor master kept that casket and the plate at his banker's. Doricourt only brought them here the day you came."

"Why were they kept at the bank?" I asked.

"For fear of robbers, I suppose, Sir. This part of the country is not very safe. They would cut a man's throat for less than one of those bracelets."

"But," I said, after that first startled pause, "no one but yourself, Suzanne, knows that I keep these jewels in the house, or that the plate is in my dressing-room."

"That is true, Sir," she answered, simply.

"Then mind you mention it to no one," I commanded.

"You shall be obeyed;" and her eyes still lingered admiringly on the ornaments.

"I have not forgotten," I said, more gently, "that you once were to have possessed this house and these very jewels. Tell me, Suzanne, why did my great-uncle destroy the will made in your favor?"

She blushed crimson, up to the very roots of her hair.

"Sir," she said, tremulously, "I was wickedly belied to my master. I do not know by whom. But I have my doubts and suspicions as to my secret enemy. I have a brother—alas! a very bad young man. He is always in some trouble or another. He came here to try and obtain a little help from me in his sore need. Now, when I came into service here I did so on condition that I should hold no further communication with my brother. But one day Jacques stood at our kitchen door, looking as if he were nearly dead with hunger. I could not see my brother perish! He was at the last extreme of want and misery; I gave him food; but I went without dinner myself that day that I might not even thus rob my good master. I gave him also my wages—but nothing more—oh! nothing more, I assure you, Sir;" and she clasped her hands in earnest asseveration.

"Madame Lemaitre came into the kitchen and found me speaking to Jacques," she continued, "and she was very angry. She told my master, and declared she should be afraid to sleep at night lest Jacques might come to rob and murder us. But though he was wild and idle, Jacques was incapable of such a crime. Imagine my distress, my anguish!—the very next day there was missing from master's own room his silver snuff-box, his watch, his purse! No one had broken into the house; the doors and windows were as safely fastened as when we went to rest. The whole house was searched for the lost things in vain. We never saw them again. My master was very angry, and, alas! still more grieved. He accused me of having stolen them, and given them to Jacques. He was deaf to my protestations—to my grief and shame and misery. He told me he had left me his property, but that it should never now be mine. And he burned his will before my face. Madame Lemaitre says he intended to have made another in her favor, but, happily, he did not."

"And he did not dismiss you under these circumstances of grave suspicion?" I said, seriously.

"No, Sir. My master was the most benevolent of men. He well knew the value of character to a woman! He retained me. He had pity on my youth, he said. He was kind and good to me to the last."

"It was a frightful position for you to be placed in," I said. "Have you any idea what had become of the lost articles?"

"At first I feared Madame Lemaitre had been very wicked and had hidden them to get me into trouble; but I don't think now she had—I watched her so closely—I searched so constantly..... No, it is a mystery which only the good God can reveal in His own good time."

I talked but little that evening. I took a book, and the women conversed in whispers. But my thoughts wandered constantly to the strange robbery which had deprived Suzanne of my inheritance. It vexed me greatly that such a doubt should have rested on Suzanne, and my feelings about it revealed to me the fact I had willfully ignored hitherto, that I—a staid man of forty, who had never yet felt the slightest tenderness for living woman, and had been long ago set down as a confirmed bachelor—had absurdly fallen in love with my female servant! It was a severe mortification to me.

I determined to struggle against my misplaced passion to the best of my power. Now, I resolved to send Suzanne away with an annuity for her life; then, again, to sell my farm. In the midst of these perplexities I fell asleep.

But the next morning found me reluctant to make myself miserable. I had not sufficient pride to be heroic in the matter. I determined to keep my own secret and wait. And....every day made Suzanne dearer to me.

Love, like other juvenile diseases, is worse when we take it late in life. Assuredly my infatuation for Suzanne would have raised my youthful scorn had I witnessed it in another. It made me very unhappy. I could not bear the thought of marrying my servant. I could not bear to part from her. I can never forget the nights I passed while this struggle was going on between my pride and my love. And then, as if to make matters worse, I suddenly began to doubt Suzanne's share in the singular robbery from my predecessor's chamber.

I had slept in it hitherto; I vacated it now and went into another, for a fancy possessed me that there might be some hidden entrance into it.

On the day I effected this move Lawyer Doricourt came to see me on business, and remained the night. I put him into that same chamber.

In the morning he descended, looking a little uneasy.

"Bornand, my friend," he said, "did I leave my watch down stairs last night?"

"No," I replied; "I saw you look at it just as we were saying 'good-night' outside your chamber-door."

"It is very strange," he observed; "I thought I remembered winding it up and putting it on the table last night. To-day it is gone."

"But who could have taken it? The house has not been entered. Do you fasten your chamber-door?"

"No; I am afraid of fire. And do you know that once in the night I woke and heard a movement in my room. I asked if any one was there, and received no answer. My night-light had gone out."

I felt seriously uneasy. We summoned the servants and told them of the loss. Suzanne turned visibly pale and trembled. The sharp eye of the lawyer instantly detected her emotion.

When the women had left the room ostensibly to search for the lost watch, Doricourt said to me:

"I trust I have not led you into harm by begging you to retain Suzanne. Did you notice her change of countenance just now?"

"Yes; but surely it was natural when you recollect that a similarly mysterious loss ruined her worldly prospects. You can not," I continued, warmly, "you can not really think she would be guilty of so barefaced a robbery?"

"Not so impossible as you believe. You know that Suzanne has a worthless brother?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, I saw him, only yesterday, hanging about your premises, and warned him off. I said nothing about him, because I thought he meant to obey me, for he turned and walked off in the direction of the town."

I felt troubled and alarmed, I confess. Had Suzanne been so foolish as to admit the man into the house? I rang at once. When she obeyed the summons I asked her if she had seen her brother the previous day.

"No; she had not seen him since I had arrived at the farm."

And she looked the image of candor as she spoke.

But Doricourt was not so willing to place faith in her as I was.

"I don't believe her!" he exclaimed, after I had dismissed her. "With your permission, I shall at once place this affair in the hands of the police."

But I persuaded him to wait an hour or two and to let me accompany him to the town.

"Have you lost any thing yourself?" he added, while we waited for luncheon.

"No; at least not that I am aware of; but since this place is so mysteriously haunted by an invisible robber, I think I will take my few valuables with me and place them in the care of my banker."

With this intent I went to my bureau for the casket. It was not there!....I fancied I might be mistaken; that I had locked it up with the plate which was not in daily use, and I hastened to ascertain the fact. Alas! some of the best pieces of plate were also gone, and the casket was not to be found. Nor did my losses end here. Many small treasures, only precious as heir-looms or *souvenirs* of dear friends, were also gone, and all had been removed from places of which I myself retained the key.

The amazement of Doricourt and myself was extreme.

"This can not be endured," he said, indignantly. "I have to ask your forgiveness for exposing you to such wholesale plunder. False keys have undoubtedly been used. Only a domestic traitor could have done this! I expect that some day you will awake and find yourself utterly stripped, and Suzanne gone."

What could I say? What could I object to his determination?

He ordered his carriage and drove off.

Suzanne, with a white, despairing face, brought in my early dinner. My heart ached as I gazed on her. Even if she were guilty (and I could not quite doubt her even yet), I loved her still.

"Suzanne," I said, "do you know what Doricourt is gone to do?"

"I can guess, Sir," she said, sadly.

"Listen," I continued, "I do not wish to expose you to a long imprisonment, nor even to the questioning of the police. Fly while there is yet time!"

Large tears rolled down her pallid cheeks.

"You are too good, Sir," she said, gently; "but you will pardon me if I say I would rather die first. No! let them make every inquiry; let them torture me if they will. I am innocent; and sometimes I think if my good old master had not hushed up his losses to save me it had been better for me. The dreadful mystery might have been explained before now."

"You are *quite* innocent, then, Suzanne?"

Her look of pitiful surprise and rebuke answered me.

"Oh, Sir! But why should you *not* doubt me?"

And she left the room weeping. I certainly was a very foolish elderly man! I could scarcely resist following her and telling her how I loved her.

Toward evening Doricourt returned with the police. They instituted a rigorous search all over the house, but without effect. No trace of the lost property could be found.

Then they questioned and cross-questioned Suzanne for an hour, which seemed to me endless.

And yet never had I seen her beauty so touching as when she stood meekly answering their impertinent interrogatories. Once and again I interfered in her behalf, to their no small amazement, especially as I saw they had no doubt of her having *at least* admitted her brother, and aided him in robbing me.

She was to go to jail; but it was too late to convey her thither that evening. The roads were nearly impassable, and the officers were not unwilling to partake of my hospitality for the night.

Ah, that night! I can never forget it!

Before we retired to our rooms we were startled by a loud crash in the kitchen, and for the moment believed that a gang of robbers, headed by the redoubtable Jacques, were effecting a violent entrance. Doricourt and I hastened to the spot. It was only a stupid servant, who, having to get supper for the police (Suzanne was a prisoner in her room), had broken a bottle of wine to shivers on a kitchen-table. I scolded her for her awkwardness; but as the table was only one standing by the side of the wall—not that on which the supper was spread—the loss was supplied, and the meal not interrupted.

I paced my room for more than an hour after I had wished Doricourt good-night. My anguish of mind was unspeakable. I felt that even if nothing could be proved against Suzanne, the mere disgrace of a trial, and the apparent improbability of clearing her from suspicion, would divide us forever.

I did not *then* feel that any former pride or reluctance on my part had already divided us.

But if she were found guilty?—if the property were discovered in the hands of her brother? . . . I could not bear to think of it. I suffered. . . . Oh! my despised desk; my strict, but just employers. You were avenged! How I wished at that moment that my grand-uncle *had* left a will!

At length, exhausted by my emotions, I threw myself on my bed, and fell into a feverish slumber, and dreamed.

My dream was only a repetition of one that had recently haunted me; *i.e.*, that robbers were in the house, and that I was endeavoring to conceal my treasures from them. I awoke from it, fancying Suzanne's brother had just swept off my foot with a reaping sickle.

But the pain I dreamed was real and sharp; and where was I? I uttered a shrill, piercing cry of alarm. I was standing on the table by the kitchen wall, amidst the broken glass of the bottle, and the blood was flowing from my wounded feet!

My cry roused the man who was watching in the sitting-room. He came out, bringing his lamp.

"Why, Sir!" he cried. "What are you doing? You are hiding your pillow!"

And it was true! I was trying, or rather had been trying, to squeeze my pillow through a small hole in the roof or ceiling above the table: it was still protruding from the hole over my head, and one of my hands grasped it.

His words awoke me fully; and like lightning the truth flashed on me. I was a somnambulist! I had hidden my property myself! Doricourt was called by my desire. He came; and one of the officers, after removing the glass, mounted the table and examined the hole, while I wiped and bound up my bleeding feet.

Yes! there was Doricourt's watch!—and there were my casket, and my plate, and my small *souvenirs*, and—double marvel!—there also were the silver snuff-box, watch, and purse of my late kinsman! Could it have been that somnambulism ran in our family, or that Madame Lemaitre had made the hole to conceal the articles she wished her master to believe were stolen? I am inclined to think the latter; though Suzanne prefers believing that the good old gentleman actually had robbed himself as I had. The hole had very much the appearance of having been made on purpose, and artfully designed to escape notice, as, in fact, it had that of the young girl.

Of course her innocence was at once fully established.

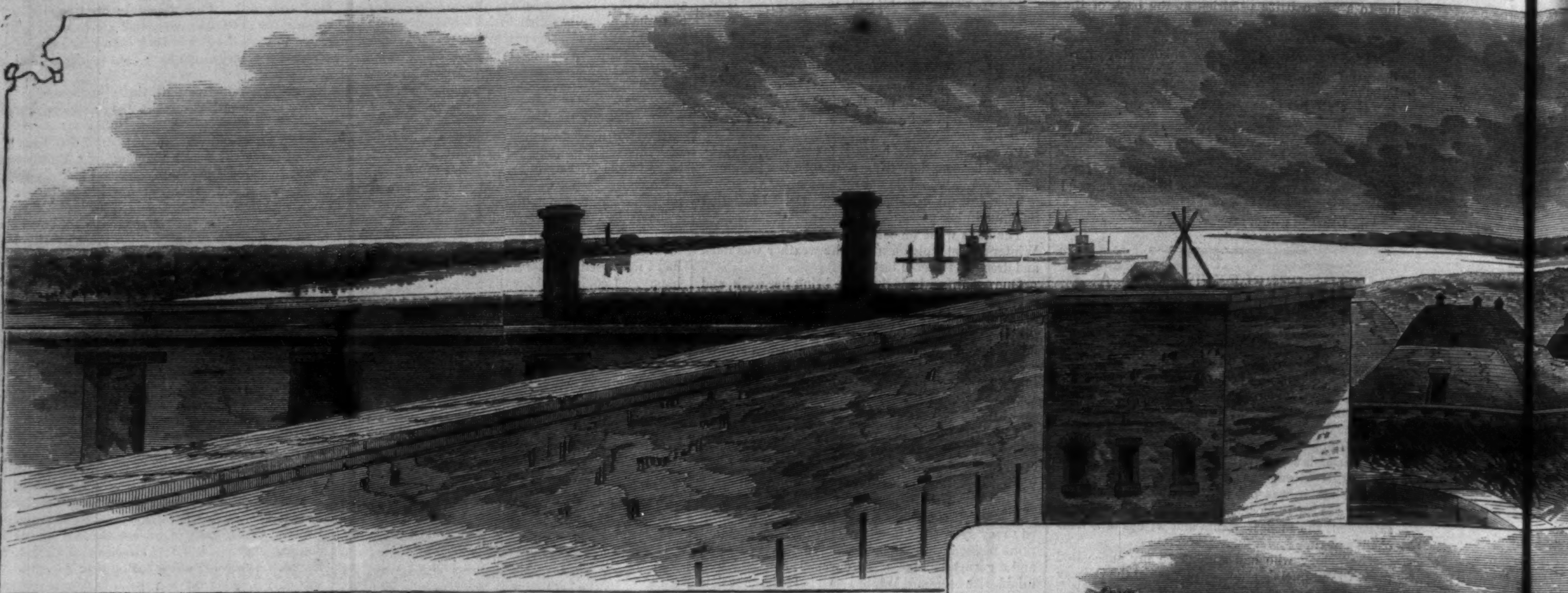
"And so it was *you* who stole my watch, Mr. Somnambulist!" laughed Doricourt, the next morning. "What could have caused such a disease? Have you been subject to walking in your sleep?"

"No," I replied; "I never did such a thing before. But the truth is, Doricourt, that a country life doesn't suit me—I have grown watchful and restless at night. It is not pleasant to sleep in fear of cut-throats; and my lonely life makes me nervous. So, if you will be good enough to sell my farm I shall be satisfied with the proceeds and my uncle's savings, and return to my old life."

And so it was settled. We sold the farm, and returned to town—I say "we," for, of course, the reader has divined that I made Suzanne the only reparation I could for the unworthy suspicions my kinsman and myself had cast on her—I married her.

We live very happily. It is not known in town that I married my servant.

Suzanne is well educated, pretty, and genteel; and her humble origin is as little suspected as that the grave Antoine Bornand, now a prosperous merchant, was once guilty of robbery—in his sleep.



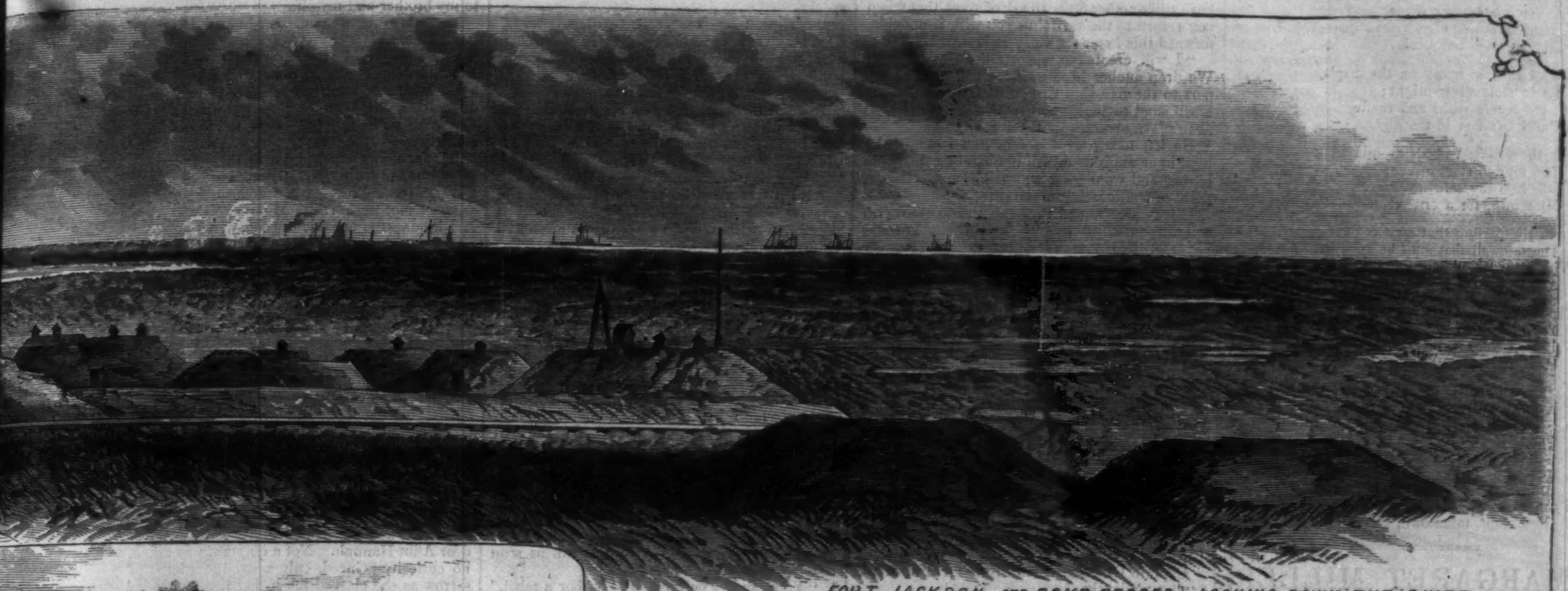
FORT JACKSON, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CITY.

GENL. SHERMAN'S HD. QRS. RESIDENCE OF CHAS. GREEN.

ENTRANCE HALL, RESIDENCE OF CHAS. GREEN ESQ.

REBELS EVACUATING SAVANNAH DEC. 20/64

VIEWS IN AND AROUND SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—From Sketches by J. E



FORT JACKSON AND BOMB PROOFS, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

REEN. ESQ. SAVANNAH.

THUNDERBOLT BATTERY, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

THUNDERBOLT BATTERY, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

J. H. Peck, Theodore R. Davis, and William Waud.—[See Page 38.]

A SILENT PARTING.

UNDER the porch we linger;
A Virginia creeper sheds
Its scarlet shower of glories
Eddying over our heads.

The white frost hangs on the maple,
Its crystals silver-bright;
The red leaves whirl and rustle
Under our feet in the night.

O'er the yellow'd woods are gleaming
The myriad stars of eve;
I look into thy soft brown eyes,
Mine own, for a brief reprieve—

From the parting that *must* come,
The farewell that *must* be spoken,
With a tender clinging of palm to palm,
And a trustful faith unbroken.

Thou wouldest not I should stay,
Yet thou canst not bid me go;
Neither a word of love can speak—
Well, it is ever so!

That when soul is enchain'd to soul,
A sweet silence speaketh best,
Nor wanteth measure of words to tell
The heart's unspeakable rest.

Upriseth the full-globed moon,
And in thy dear face in the night
I can read—all that which I fain would know—
Good-night, mine own, good-night!

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

A STRANGE place for a lonely, unprotected woman! I tried to smother that thought and preserve an indifference of manner while remarking the group of men gazing curiously down upon the little barge with its two contrabands, Tom and myself.

The Captain jumped into the boat with a welcome upon his face as cordial as his words.

"Miss Miller, I presume? Captain Hall, of the navy. I am very happy to offer you my protection. We are seldom thus honored."

Aiding me up the steep, awkward ladder, he presented me formally to his officers, who stood awaiting the introduction cap in hand; then led me down to the cabin—a cozy, comfortable little spot as could be, extending across the after-part of the ship, with a skylight, and embrasures on either side. A centre-table, suspending lamp, cushioned lockers extending sofa-like all around, and a great stuffed arm-chair, soft and sleep-provoking, were the first objects presented to the eye. The Captain's state-room opened from the forward part. Unlocking the door, he said:

"This will be your boudoir, Miss Miller. Don't be alarmed at the armaments."

Tom went in to deposit my carpet-bag and portmanteau, and issued from thence with a sort of shivering "Gor-o-mighty" on his lips at sight of the shining weapons hung around on every side.

Whether the deep mourning of my dress, my utter loneliness and dependence, or the marks of recent illness recommended me most to the Captain's paternal care, I can not tell. Certain it is no father could have been more tender or considerate than he during the entire voyage. Before the first breakfast was over he had drawn from me my sad story, and told me in return of his own family in New York, and of their recent bereavement in the loss of his brave young son, shot in one of the naval engagements on the Mississippi. Two of the officers were invited to dine with us at the little cabin table each day; one of them proved to be a native of my own State, and had at one time been an academic student with my brother Willie.

We had to wait two days for water to cross the bar at the mouth of the St. Johns; then the vessel put to sea, and set sail for Port Royal. The next evening we were entering Broad River, with Hilton Head on one hand, Bay Point on the other, and the magnificent Bay before us, dotted all over with vessels of every description, from a stately ship of the line to a tiny sail-boat. Conspicuous among them was the noble *Wabash*, with the Admiral's pennant flying, as when she poured those first terrific broadsides into the rebel forts Walker and Beauregard.

It was very exciting as we went in to listen to the officers' description of their first entrance into Port Royal on the memorable 7th of November, the flag-ship leading the way, two or three sloops of war and eighteen gun-boats all pouring shell like rain upon the devoted fortresses until the Palmetto flag gave way to the victorious "Stars and Stripes."

"Are there any rebel prisoners at Port Royal?" I asked the Captain as we sailed up the bay.

"Only a few in the hospitals, taken at Pulaski and James Island."

"Do you know what disposition has been made of those recently captured at Williamsburg?"

"I think the officers are at Fortress Monroe, to be sent North. Am not certain about the men."

Captain Hall brought his glass to bear upon the different vessels that crowded the levee.

"Ah! the *Arago* is in," he observed, handing me the telescope. "That dark, odd-looking steamship at the right pier. She is the finest transport between this port and New York. I shall be able to secure you what no doubt will seem excellent accommodations after your many discomforts here."

"If you only knew how comfortable you have made me, Captain, and how very grateful I feel for it, you would not mention discomforts. I have still another favor to ask of you—that when you return to the St. Johns you will, if possible, forward this letter for me. It is sealed."

"I will create an opportunity if necessary. We drop anchor here now. I will have to report to the flag-ship without delay; meanwhile I will send to inquire when the *Arago* sails, so as to make arrangements for your passage."

He left me to give orders, and I sat for the next hour amusing myself in observing the noble harbor and wondering why it had never been a point of commercial importance.

It was ascertained that the transport was to sail the next afternoon, stopping at Fortress Monroe.

I spent the morning in examining points of interest in the new city, watching the drill of the First South Carolina Regiment of darkeys, and visiting the hospitals, returning to the gun-boat to dinner. The little cabin seemed more home-like than the magnificent saloons of the *Arago*, and I bade it and the gallant officers of the steamer adieu with a swelling heart.

The decks of the *Arago* were crowded upon our arrival with every shade and condition of humanity. Officers and their families putting on airs; sick and wounded soldiers looking as though home would be a blessed shelter; a whole corps of enthusiastic teachers whose labors had somehow been brought to a premature end; cotton speculators, clergymen, and contrabands, all waiting the joyful signal to weigh anchor and depart.

Captain Gadsden came to me for a moment, saying, gallantly,

"I am charged by your escort to take the very best care of you, Miss Miller. Upon the honor of a gentleman I will do it."

He kept his word.

Tom's conduct from the first had been most exemplary, and his anxiety lest he might lose me at Port Royal was simply amusing. I had found no opportunity to speak to him of his master since we left Florida, but the way he peered around among the prisoners convinced me he had an object. While the steamer was getting out of port I observed him on the upper deck not far from me, and beckoned to him.

"We are starting now for Fortress Monroe, Tom. That is where the Williamsburg prisoners were sent. The vessel only stops a few hours. We shall have to be on the alert."

"Ef Mars'r George's thar, Miss, dis boy'll find um sure. I jes' seen one man from Florida—ole Cap'n Calton's obserser—no account fellow. Told him masser's got cotched, and I'd run away. Neber let on, Miss, I'se gwine to find um. Don't trust such trash."

Not quite two days to Fortress Monroe. An old gentleman from Vermont, whose son had been wounded at Stono, had a permit to visit the hospitals, and kindly offered to take me under his escort to the surgeon-general. It was a great difficulty overcome, and so sanguine was I then of being able to discover the object of our search at once that when informed that Colonel Hamilton had been sent North only the day before I was ready to sink with disappointment.

"How was he?" I asked.

"Very feeble; arm not doing well; probably have to undergo a second amputation. He was very obstinate about the elbow-joint; but will have to lose it yet, I'm afraid. Are you faint, Madam? Allow me to bring you a glass of wine."

I declined the offer, but accepted a seat.

The old gentleman was more fortunate in his information. His son was doing well, and would be able to go North probably by next steamer. He accompanied me back to the vessel as happy as I was despondent. We met Tom.

"Oh, Miss! was lookin' fur you. I've seen him!"

"Am afraid you're mistaken, Tom. He went North yesterday."

"Jes' seen um, Miss, gittin' out one dem dar big fings"—pointing to a couple of ambulances which stood on the wharf.

"Did you speak to him?"

"Didn't speak, Miss. De dam guard push me back wid his gun."

I had a feeling that Tom was not mistaken, though how to reconcile the two statements was a mystery.

The old gentleman left me at the vessel, and hurried away to greet his son, whom he had not yet seen. I bade Tom look around the deck, and if he discovered his master report at my state-room door.

A few moments of suspense and a heavy foot-step announced Tom.

"Oh, Miss! spoke to him dis yer time sure."

"Where is he?"

"Up dem dar stars, white as cotton."

"What did he say to you?"

"Didn't take no notus fust. Den I take his hand, and say, 'Mars'r George, don't you see Tom?' He look wild, and say, 'De debil and all! Whar you come from?'"

Tom could say no more, and began to blubber.

"Did you tell him I was here, Tom?"

"No, Miss; didn't tell him no more to once."

"Don't, then; I will see him myself."

It was some time before I could compose myself sufficiently.

Tom described the very place where I might find him; and when the vessel got under way, and every body was watching the receding shores, I crept up softly and stood before him, trembling like a culprit. He gazed upon me without speaking, until I could bear it no longer and burst into tears. Then he arose, gave me his left hand, and said:

"I don't know whether to trust the evidence of my senses or not. I feel like one under the influence of a double dose of chloroform, and may be sane and may not. Speak to me, Margy, and break the spell."

I raised his hand to my lips, but could not speak.

"Ah! that hand is worth two hands now," he said. Then, in an undertone, added, "When I saw you last I would have given my right hand willingly for one word of recognition. God is good!"

I bowed my head, not yet able to speak.

"Let us sit down here in the shadow of the wheel-house and get composed. How are you, Margy?"

"Well, nearly."

"So it was you who instigated Tom to run away, was it? I shall have to hear about it presently. How did you leave the children and Aunty Hamilton?"

"Perfectly well, but much grieved on your account."

"My poor darlings! I suppose they are grieving for you now. They have reason to."

To turn the conversation, I said:

"The hospital surgeon told me you went North yesterday. How happened it you were detained?"

"By fainting away very opportunely, I believe. At all events, I found myself in one of the hospital tents again last night instead of on the boat as I anticipated. Two or three others of the prisoners were detained for some cause."

"Where are they sending you?"

"To Lafayette, perhaps. I don't know. It doesn't matter, Margy."

"But it matters with me, Colonel Hamilton, and I shall take you to Aunt Hannah as soon as—"

"You can get permission to harbor a rebel," he said, finishing the sentence for me, but not as I intended.

"I mean to convert you."

"You may turn me from any thing but a principle, Margy."

The day had been very warm, but the breeze blew freshly from the north as evening drew on. I sent Tom, who was standing at a respectful distance, to my state-room for a warm shawl.

"For yourself, not for me, Margy," he said, when I would have wrapped it around him.

"I feel too much weight on my arm now, and shall be forced to retire soon for the surgeon to dress it. Tom will prove a real godsend if he chooses to remain with me. At this moment he is freer than his master."

I saw no more of Colonel Hamilton until nearly noon the next day. He sent Tom early to inquire for my health, and say that he had rested badly and would try to get sleep. During the forenoon I met the surgeon and asked his opinion of the case. His reply was more favorable than that elicited at the hospital.

We were sitting upon the deck again that afternoon, and nearing New York.

"I wish to ask you a question, Colonel Hamilton. Did you destroy the mortgage my brother gave you?"

"Most certainly. Why, Margy?"

"Because I have altered my mind about it, and would like to make the exchange now. When I return to Florida I shall need Southern money, and you might like the other while North."

"Bless you! You will not find me too proud to accept your offer if I have need of funds, as I have no doubt I may. Thank you, Margy."

We did not talk much; our hearts were too full for words. Mine, notwithstanding the satisfaction felt in having accomplished in part my purpose, was nigh to bursting as familiar objects began to rise before me. Nearly two years of sad vicissitude since Robert and I turned for a last look at the beautiful shores which surround the bay of New York. I was full of hope then, every fear, every misgiving subdued by strong will. Where was he now? Away among the lonely cedars, on the enemy's soil. Had I not promised never to return without him? How had I kept my vow?

"Don't, Margy," Colonel Hamilton said, in a tremulous tone. "Don't give way now. I read every thought on your sad face. Robert is happier than we."

"Oh, I have left him behind!"

"Not behind, Margy. His spirit from serener heights looks down pityingly upon us. I shall never forget his look when I promised him not to leave you uncared for, even though I might fail in overcoming your aversion. It was that of a happy saint. And when you were ill, Margy, so very ill, that look reproached me for allowing you to labor for me. I would have given my life to save you, darling."

It was the first time he had ever called me by that tender name.

"I was very happy at the Lake. I could not have lived without occupation, and mine there was delightful. You have always been kind to me, Sir."

"And was it the wish to requite some fancied obligation which impelled you to come so resolutely North at this time? I am afraid of your pride still, Margy."

"I came to serve a friend. But let us speak about other things."

Past Staten Island and the Jersey shore—past Brooklyn with her emerald heights—round the Battery, and up the Hudson until we reached the ship's pier, and every one was making preparations to go on shore.

"I can make my mark with my left hand," he said, as we were taking leave. "You will hear from me before leaving the city."

I took the St. Nicholas coach; he went away in a carriage with two other gentlemen, whether prisoners or not I could not tell.

My first work on arriving at the hotel was to address a note to a distinguished military gentleman in Washington—an old family friend—begging his influence in obtaining a parole for Colonel Hamilton until he could be exchanged. I did not hesitate to detail the obligations I was under for his unremitting care and kindness both to my brother and myself.

Then I wrote a long, tear-blotted letter to Aunt Hannah.

The next day I was surprised to see Tom. He said Mars'r George done writ a note, and wanted him to bring an answer. I had some difficulty at first with the perpendicular strokes, or rather scratches, but made it all out with study:

"I am doing nicely here in the hospital at Hamilton, my *name-fort*, where I was brought through the courtesy of a comparative stranger whom I met at Fortress Monroe. Every care and kindness is accorded to me, and I am in a fair way to learn to love my enemies. Let me know when you contemplate leaving the city. The surgeon promises to save the residue of my arm, but enjoins quiet for a time. I shall see you again as soon as possible."

A little necessary shopping was my excuse for waiting to hear from Washington. When the reply came every thing promised favorably. A cartel would probably be arranged soon, and Colonel Hamilton's name should not be omitted on the first exchange list. Meantime the commanding officer of the district would be instructed to grant him a limited parole.

I felt no ordinary pleasure in communicating the information to Colonel Hamilton, with the notice that I was then ready for the country.

I left that same evening on the boat, and the next day, at noon, was weeping in the arms of dear Aunt Hannah. Not a question was asked, no curiosity evinced, only a strong outburst of sorrow as she clasped me to her heart, then led me away silently to her own room, where she removed my traveling garments, and bade her poor weary child lie down and rest.

No neighbor was permitted to disturb my rest that day or the next, though the house was frequented by kind inquirers and sympathizers, all eager to know how I was, and how I had ever managed to get home in war time. Robert's death, the time and place, had all been communicated in the letter from New York. She made no allusion to it until the third day, when I dressed and went to meet her in the garden.

"These 'Golden Harvests' are gittin' ripe enough for pies," she said, showing me specimens she had just picked up. "Robert loved them extr'ordinary. Tell me, Margy, that he didn't suffer for care nor nothing at the last."

"He suffered for nothing, Aunt Hannah. He made friends every where."

"Set down on the garden bench here and tell me a little about it, if 'tain't too hard."

I told her in as few words as possible what I have written in detail. At the close she wiped away her tears, and fastening on me a keenly-inquiring glance, said:

"One question more, Margy. Are you a rebel?"

"Every drop of blood in my heart beats true to my country and to the Union, Aunt Hannah."

"Thank Heaven! Your great-grandfather and my grandfather was cousins, and both soldiers of the Revolution. Never may their posterity forgit it and turn traitors! I was afraid about that friend you spoke on."

A week after we had an announcement. The "hired man" came with a letter while we were at dinner. I recognized the irregular hand-writing, and was conscious of Aunt Hannah's scrutiny as I read. Handing it to her, I said:

"This concerns you as well as me. See what you think about it."

"He writes like a real gentleman," she answered, "though not as handsome a hand as I have seen. I hope, Margy, he won't come afore the hayin' is out of the way. 'Twill be done this week."

It was two weeks before he came, looking paler and thinner than when we parted in New York. Tom's words were not wanting to assure us he had been a great sufferer. Aunt Hannah received him more kindly than I apprehended from her stern loyalty, and said to me the first evening,

"His ways are just the sort to win one like Robert. I don't wonder so much now, for he almost makes me forgit he is a rebel."

I think before he had been there a week she had forgotten it altogether.

Tom's delight at the apple-orchards and green fields was unbounded.

"'Clar, Mars'r George, not a grain of sand yer. 'Pears like 'tis all Canaan, libin' green."

"Wait," replied his master, "until the winter catches you here, my boy; then see what you think about it."

Not a slight sensation was created in our rural village by the arrival of the rebel Colonel and Tom; yet, in a community intensely loyal, no word fell to wound the stranger whose kindness had smoothed my brother's pathway to the grave. Neighbors dropped in to pay respects to Robert's friend, fell naturally to politics, and even discussed the prospects of the war without harshness or vituperation, men who would move steadily forward to battle the giant wrong until the last strong-hold of the rebellion was subdued. I alone spoke severely sometimes, whom the laws of hospitality should have restrained.

He had been several weeks at the farm, riding and gaining strength every day in the clear, bracing air of our New England hills. I began to anticipate with silent dread the time when the prisoners would be exchanged, and think what an utter blank my life would be then. After all that had passed I was certain he would never ask the old question over again. How could he, when I had thrice refused him? I could not be insensible of his earnest regard, however, nor of the fact that my own indifference had changed to a deep, absorbing interest.

We were conversing one evening on the probability of an agreement having already been made between the belligerents for the exchange of officers, and I congratulated him on his prospect of going home.

"The anticipation gives me scarcely less pain than pleasure," he remarked, seriously. "I see you growing paler and thinner every week, and feel that you are ill. I can not bear the thought of going away and leaving you to winter here in this rugged land."

"Do you find it so unbearable then?" I asked, smiling.

"Too attractive to me altogether! But I think of the coming months with their rude storms—too rude for a tender one like you. It is plain to me that this climate does not agree with you, even at this season, Margy."

"It is my mother-land, and ought to be kind to her offspring."

"It has been fatal to your family, and should not be trusted further. How could I make you believe me not entirely selfish in wishing you to return to Florida?"

"By demanding when I ever have found you selfish."

A clear, sharp glance penetrated the heart-veil and discovered what image had stolen into my "Temple of Friendship."

"Margy," he said, drawing nearer and taking an unresisting hand, "recall those cruel words, and let me fold you to my heart once more—not as when I fought with the Angel of Death for you and conquered. I must, darling, I must. There, you are mine now, all mine—say not unwillingly. Lean your head upon my breast; no storm shall ever re[illegible] there. I will be father, brother, husband all in one. Why do you shrink so from that last word, Margy? Whisper once you love me."

"Better than my own life."

"And will marry me? Oh, Margy!"

"How can I? Don't urge me, my best friend!"

"Cruel! cruel!"

"If you knew how deeply it pains me to give you pain you would not call me cruel, Colonel Hamilton. Pity me, but do not call me cold or cruel."

"No, darling, I will not. Forgive me! it is I alone who am cruel. I know not what I say. Is there no way, *no* way, I can hope to win you?"

"None you would accept."

"Try me! Impose any obligation you please, save renunciation of principle."

"Will you lay down arms?"

"I have lain down *one* for my country; if I find myself to protect you with the other I shall have none left for the service. Nay, don't look so sad. I am only jesting. You are mine, darling, and may make your own terms. I will never give you up again!"

We were engaged that evening tacitly, if not by verbal promise.

I know it will be a mystery to many how a loyal woman can marry a rebel. It is a mystery to myself—inexplicable, sad, but sweet as any mystery of love. I am ready to cry, *peccavi! miséricorde!* Am perfectly sincere when I say to Colonel Hamilton, "Would you had lost both hands in a better cause!" and can not help indulging a hope of seeing him draw a sword with his *left* hand but whole heart for the Union yet.

TWO DAYS WITH MOSBY.

I WAS up at reveillé. Orders to inspect the camp of dismounted cavalry near Harper's Ferry had been in my pocket two days, awaiting an escort through the fifty miles of guerrilla infested country which lay between me and that distant post. This was the day for the regular train, and a thousand wagons were expected to leave Sheridan's head-quarters, on Cedar Creek, at daylight, with a brigade of infantry as guard, and a troop of cavalry as outriders.

An hour's ride of eight miles along a picketed line across the valley brought me to the famous "Valley Pike," and near the head-quarters of the army. Torbert was there, and I awaited his detailed instructions. Unavoidable delay ensued. Dispatches were to be sent, and they were not yet ready. An hour passed, and, meantime, the industrious wagon-train was lightly and rapidly rolling away down the pike. The last wagon passed out of sight, and the rear-guard closed up behind it before I was ready to start. No other train was to go for four days. I must overtake this one or give up my journey. At length, accompanied by a single orderly, and my colored servant, George Washington, a contraband, commonly called "Wash," I started in pursuit of the train.

As I had nearly passed Newtown I overtook a small party apparently of the rear-guard of the train, who were lighting their pipes and buying cakes and apples at a small grocery on the right of the pike, and who seemed to be in charge of a non-commissioned officer.

"Good-morning, Sergeant. You had better close up at once. The train is getting well ahead, and this is the favorite beat of Mosby."

"All right, Sir," he replied with a smile, and nodding to his men, they mounted at once and closed in behind me, while quite to my surprise I noticed three more of the party whom I had not before seen in front of me.

An instinct of danger at once possessed me. I saw nothing to justify it, but I felt a presence of evil which I could not shake off. The men were in Union blue complete, and wore on their caps the well-known Greek cross which distinguishes the gallant Sixth Corp. They were young, intelligent, cleanly, and good-looking soldiers, armed with revolvers and Spencer's repeating carbine. I noticed the absence of sabres, but the presence of the Spencer, which is a comparatively new arm in our service, reassured me, and I thought it impossible that the enemy could as yet be possessed of them.

We galloped on merrily, and just as I was ready to laugh at my own fears, "Wash," who had been riding behind me and had heard some remark made by the soldiers, brushed up to my side, and whispered through his teeth chattering with fear,

"Massa, secesh sure! Run like de debbel!"

I turned to look back at these words, and saw six carbines leveled at me at twenty paces distant, and the Sergeant, who had watched every motion of the negro, came riding toward me with revolver drawn and the sharp command, "Halt. Surrender!"

We had reached a low place where the Opequan Creek crosses the pike, a mile from Newtown. The train was not a quarter of a mile ahead, but out of sight for the moment over the west ridge.

High stone-walls lined the pike on either side, and a narrow bridge across the stream was in front of me and already occupied by the three rascals who had acted as advance-guard, who now coolly turned round and presented carbines also from their point of view.

I remembered the military maxim, a mounted man should never surrender until his horse is disabled, and hesitated an instant considering what to do, and quite in doubt whether I was myself or some other fellow whom I had read of as captured and hung by guerrillas; but at the repetition of the sharp command, aided by the somewhat disagreeable presence of the revolver immediately in my face, I concluded I was undoubtedly the other fellow, and surrendered accordingly.

My sword and revolver were taken at once by the Sergeant, who proved to be a rebel lieutenant in disguise, and who remarked, laughing as he took them,

"We closed up, Captain, as you directed; as this is a favorite beat of Mosby's, I hope our drill was satisfactory."

"All right, Sergeant. Every dog has his day, and yours happens to come now. Possibly my turn may come to-morrow."

"Your turn to be hung," he replied.

It was not long before I was ushered into the presence of the great modern highwayman, John S. Mosby, Lieutenant-Colonel, C.S.A.

He stood a little apart from his men, by the side of a splendid gray horse, with his right hand grasping the bridle-rein, and resting on the pommel of his saddle—a slight, medium-sized man, sharp of feature, quick of sight, lithe of limb, with a bronzed face of the color and tension of whip-cord. His hair is a yellow brown, with full but light beard and mustache of the same; a straight Grecian nose, firm set expressive mouth, large ears, deep gray eyes, high forehead, large well-shaped head, and his whole expression denoting energy, hard service, and love of whisky. He wore top-boots, and a civilian's over-coat, black, lined with red, and beneath it the complete gray uniform of a Confederate Lieutenant-Colonel, with its two stars on the side of the standing collar, and the whole surmounted by the inevitable slouched hat of the whole Southern race. His men were about half in blue and half in butternut.

Mosby, after taking my horse and quietly examining my papers, presently looked up with a peculiar gleam of satisfaction on his face.

"Ah, Captain B——! Inspector-General of ——'s Cavalry! Good-morning, Captain! Glad to see you, Sir! Indeed there is but one man I would prefer to see this morning to yourself, and that is your commander. Were you present, Sir, the other day at the hanging of eight of my men as guerrillas at Front Royal?"

I answered him firmly, "I was present, Sir; and, like you, have only to regret that it was not the commander instead of his unfortunate men."

This answer seemed to please Mosby, for he apparently expected a denial. He assumed a grim smile, and directed Lieutenant Whiting to search me.

My gold hunting-watch and chain, several rings, a set of shirt-studs and sleeve-buttons, a Masonic pin, some coins, and about three hundred dollars in greenbacks, with some letters and pictures of the dear ones at home, and a small pocket Bible, were taken. My cavalry-boots, worth about fifteen dollars, were apprised at six hundred and fifty in Confederate money; my watch at three thousand dollars, and the other articles in about the same proportion, including my poor servant "Wash," who was put in and raffled for at two thousand dollars, so that my entire outfit made quite a respectable prize.

"Wash" was very indignant that he should be thought worth only two thousand dollars Confederate, and informed them that he considered himself unappreciated, and that, among other accomplishments, he could make the best milk punch of any man in the Confederacy.

When all this was concluded Mosby took me a little one side, and returned to me the pocket Bible, the letters and pictures, and the masonic pin, saying quietly as he did so, alluding to the latter with a significant sign:

"You may as well keep this. It may be of use to you somewhere."

I thanked him warmly for his kindness as I took his offered hand, and really began to think Mosby almost a gentleman and a soldier, although he had just robbed me in the most approved manner of modern highwaymen.

Immediate preparations were made for the long road to Richmond and the Libey. A guard of fifteen men, in command of Lieutenant Whiting, was detailed as our escort, and, accompanied by Mosby himself, we started directly across the country, regardless of roads, in an easterly direction toward the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge.

We were now in company of nine more of our men, who had been taken at different times, making eleven of our party in all, besides the indignant contraband "Wash," whom it was also thought prudent to send to the rear for safe-keeping.

I had determined to escape if even half an opportunity should present itself, and the boys were quick in understanding my purpose, and intimating their readiness to risk their lives in the attempt. One of them in particular, George W. M'Cauley, commonly known as Mack, and another one named Brown, afterward proved themselves heroes.

At Howettsville on the Shenandoah, nine miles below Front Royal, we bivouacked for the night in an old school-house.

Our party of eleven were assigned to one side of the lower floor of the school-house, where we lay down side by side with our heads to the wall and our feet nearly meeting the feet of the guard, who lay in the same manner opposite us, with their heads to the other wall, except three, who formed a relief guard for the sentry's post at the door.

Above the head of the guard along the wall ran a low desk, on which each man of them stood his carbine and laid his revolver before disposing himself to sleep.

A fire before the door dimly lighted the room; and the scene as they dropped gradually to sleep was warlike in the extreme, and made a Rembrandt picture on my memory which will never be effaced.

I had taken care to place myself between M'Cauley and Brown, and the moment the rebels began to snore and the sentry to nod over his pipe, we were in earnest and deep conversation.

M'Cauley proposed to unite our party and make a simultaneous rush for the carbines, and take our chances of stampeding the guard and escaping; but on passing the whisper quietly along our line, only three men were found willing to assent to it. As the odds were so largely against us, it was in vain to urge the subject.

The march began at an early hour the next morning, and the route ran directly up the Blue Ridge. We had emerged from the forest and ascended about one-third of the height of the mountain, when the full valley became visible, spread out like a map before us, showing plainly the lines of our army, its routes of supply, its foraging parties out, and my own camp at Front Royal as distinctly as if we stood in one of its streets.

We now struck a wood path running southward and parallel with the ridge of the mountains, along which we traveled for hours, with this wonderful panorama of forest and river, mountain and plain before us in all the gorgeous beauty of the early autumn.

"This is a favorite promenade of mine," said Mosby. "I love to see your people sending out their almost daily raids after me. There comes one of them now almost toward us. If you please we will step behind this point and see them pass. It may be the last sight you will have of your old friends for some time," and, looking in the direction he pointed, I saw a squadron of my own regiment coming directly toward us on a road running under the foot of the mountain, and apparently on some foraging expedition down the valley. They passed within a half mile of us, under the mountain, while Mosby stood with folded arms on a rock above them.

Before noon we reached the road running through Manassas Gap, which place was held by about one hundred of Mosby's men, who signaled him as he approached, and here, much to my regret, the great guerrilla left us, bidding me a kindly good-by.

We were hurried through the gap and down the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, and by three o'clock reached Chester Gap, after passing which we descend into the valley, and move rapidly toward Sperryville on the direct line to Richmond.

Our guard was now reduced, as we are far within the Confederate lines, to Lieutenant Whiting and three men, and our party of eleven prisoners had seven horses among them. There was also a pack-horse carrying our forage, rations, and some blankets. To the saddle of this pack-horse are strapped two Spencer carbines, muzzle downward, with their accoutrements complete, including two well-filled cartridge-boxes.

I called Mack's attention to this fact as soon as the guard was reduced, and he needed no second hint to comprehend its full significance at once. He soon after dismounted, and when it came his turn to mount again, he selected, apparently by accident, the poorest and most broken-down horse of the party, with which he appeared to find it very difficult to keep up, and which he actually succeeded in some mysterious way in laming.

He then dropped back to the Lieutenant in charge and modestly asked to exchange his lame horse for the pack-horse, and being particularly winning in his address, his request was at once granted without a suspicion of its object, or a thought of the fatal carbines on the pack-saddle. I used some little skill in diverting the attention of the Lieutenant while the pack was readjusted; and as the rain had begun to fall freely no one of the guard was particularly alert.

I was presently gratified with the sight of Mack riding ahead on the pack-horse, with the two carbines still strapped to the saddle, but loosened, and well concealed by his heavy poncho, which he had spread as protection from the rain. These carbines are seven-shooters, and load from the breech by simply drawing out from the hollow stock a spiral spring, and dropping in the seven cartridges, one after the other, and then inserting the spring again behind them, which coils as it is pressed home, and by its elasticity forces the cartridges forward, one at a time, into the barrel at the successive movements of the lock.

I could see the movements of Mack's right arm by the shape into which it threw the poncho, and while guiding his horse with his left, looking the other way and chatting glibly with the other boys, I saw him distinctly draw the springs from those carbines with his right hand and hook them into the upper button-hole of his coat to support them, while he dropped in the cartridges one after another, trotting his horse at the time to conceal the noise of their click, and finally forcing down the springs, and looking round at me with a look of the finest heroism and triumph I have ever beheld.

I nodded approval, and fearing he would precipitate matters, yet knowing that any instant might lead to discovery and be too late, I rode carelessly across the road to Brown, who was on foot, and, dismounting, asked him to tighten my girth, during which operation I told him the position of affairs as quietly as possible, and requested him to get up gradually by the side of Mack, communicate with him, and, at a signal from me, to seize one of the carbines and do his duty as a soldier if he valued his liberty.

Brown was terribly frightened and trembled like a leaf, but went immediately to his post, and I did not doubt would do his duty well.

I rode up again to the side of Lieutenant Whiting, and, like an echo from the past, came back to me my words of yesterday, "Possibly my turn may come to-morrow."

I engaged him in conversation, and, among other things, spoke of the prospect of sudden death as one always present in our army life, and the tendency it had to either harden or ameliorate the character according to the quality of the individual.

He expressed the opinion which many hold that a brutal man is made more brutal by it, and a refined and cultivated man is softened and made more refined by it.

We were on the immediate flank of Early's army. His cavalry was all around us. The road was thickly inhabited. It was almost night. We had passed a rebel picket but a mile back, and knew not how near another one or their camps might be.

The three rebel guards were riding in front of us and on our flanks, our party of prisoners was in the centre, and I was by the side of Lieutenant Whiting, who acted as rear-guard, when we entered a small copse of willow which for a moment covered the road. The hour was propitious. I gave the fatal signal and instantly threw myself from my saddle upon the Lieutenant, grasping him around the arms and dragging him from his horse, in the hope of securing his revolver, capturing him, and compelling him to pilot us outside of the rebel lines. At the same instant Mack raised one of the loaded carbines, and, in less time than I can write it, shot two of the guard in front of him, killing them instantly; and then coolly turning in his saddle, and seeing me struggling in the road with the Lieutenant, and the chances of obtaining the revolver apparently against me, he raised the carbine the third time; and as I strained the now desperate rebel to my breast, with his livid face over my left shoulder, he shot him as directly between the eyes as he could have done if firing at a target at ten paces distance.

His hold relaxed, and his ghastly corpse fell from my arms.

"Golly, Cap," said Mack, "I could have killed five or six more of them as well as not."

Brown had only wounded his man in the side, and allowed him to escape.

Our position was now perilous. Not a man of us knew the country, except its most general outlines. The rebel camps could not be far away; the whole country would be alarmed in an hour; darkness was intervening; and I doubted not that, before sundown, even blood-hounds would be on our track. One half our party had already scattered, panic-stricken, at the first alarm, and every man for himself, scouring the country in every direction.

But five remained, including the faithful Wash, who immediately showed his practical qualities by searching the bodies of the slain, and recovering therefrom, among other things, my gold hunting-watch from the person of Lieutenant Whiting, and over eleven hundred dollars in greenbacks, the proceeds, doubtless, of their various robberies of our men.

"Not quite nuff," said Wash, showing his ivories from ear to ear. "Dey vally dis nigger at two tousand dollars. I tink I ought to git de money."

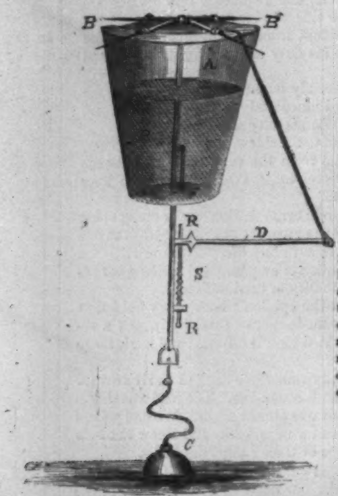
We instantly mounted the best horses, and, well armed with carbine and revolver, struck directly for the mountain on our right; but, knowing that would be the first place we should be sought for, soon changed our direction to the south, and rode for hours directly toward the enemy as rapidly as we could ride, and before complete darkness intervened we had made thirty miles from the place of our escape; and then turning sharp up the mountain we rode as far as horses could climb, and, abandoning them, pushed on on foot through the whole night to the very summit of the Blue Ridge, whence we could see the rebel camp-fires, and view their entire lines and position, just as daylight was breaking over the Valley.

The length of this weary day, and the terrible pangs of hunger and thirst which we suffered on this barren mountain, pertain to the more common experience of a soldier's life, and I need not describe them here.

We had to go still further south to avoid the scouts and pickets, and finally struck the Shenandoah twenty miles to the rear of Early's entire army, and there built a raft, and floated by night forty miles down that memorable stream, through his crafty pickets, until the glorious old flag once more hailed us a welcome.

THE REBEL COLONEL MOSBY.

JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY, long notorious as a rebel guerrilla, was born in Virginia in 1882. Little is popularly known of his career before the war. In 1862 he was a Lieutenant in LEE's army, and for his services in harassing our troops encamped near Fredericksburg met with General LEE's approval and was promoted Major. In March, 1863, he captured General STOUGHTON at Fairfax Court House. He was wounded near this same place in August of that year, and was unable previous to January, 1864, to resume his official duties. Last August he was again wounded and put *hors du combat* for two months, after which he again appeared in a raid on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. December 10 he was given the full rank of Colonel. We give above an account, entitled "Two Days with Mosby," which, as being substantially true, will prove very interesting to our readers. This rebel Colonel has been the centre of a great deal of fabulous romance during the war. He has been recently wounded again, and so seriously that his friends, it is reported, despair of his recovery.



A. Air-chamber.

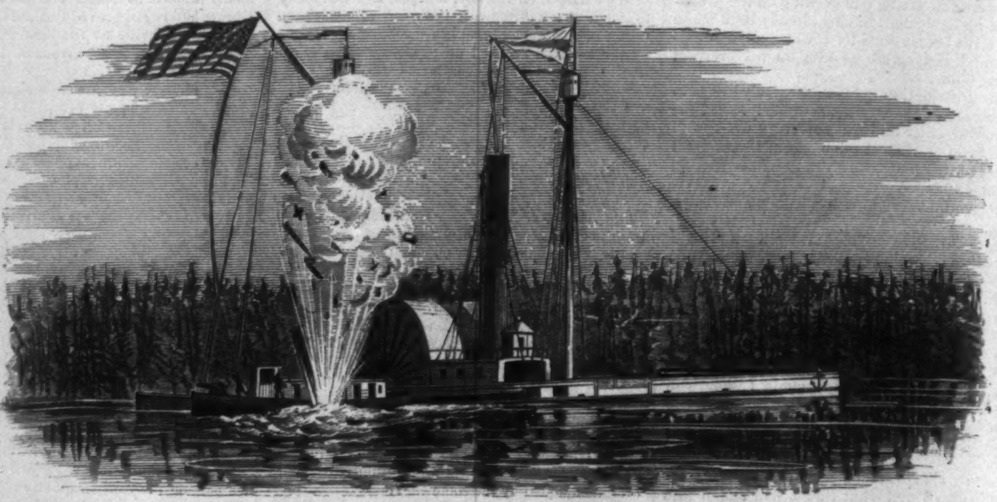
P. Chamber containing the powder.

B, B. Cast-iron wheel made to fit over the top of the torpedo.

C. Anchor.

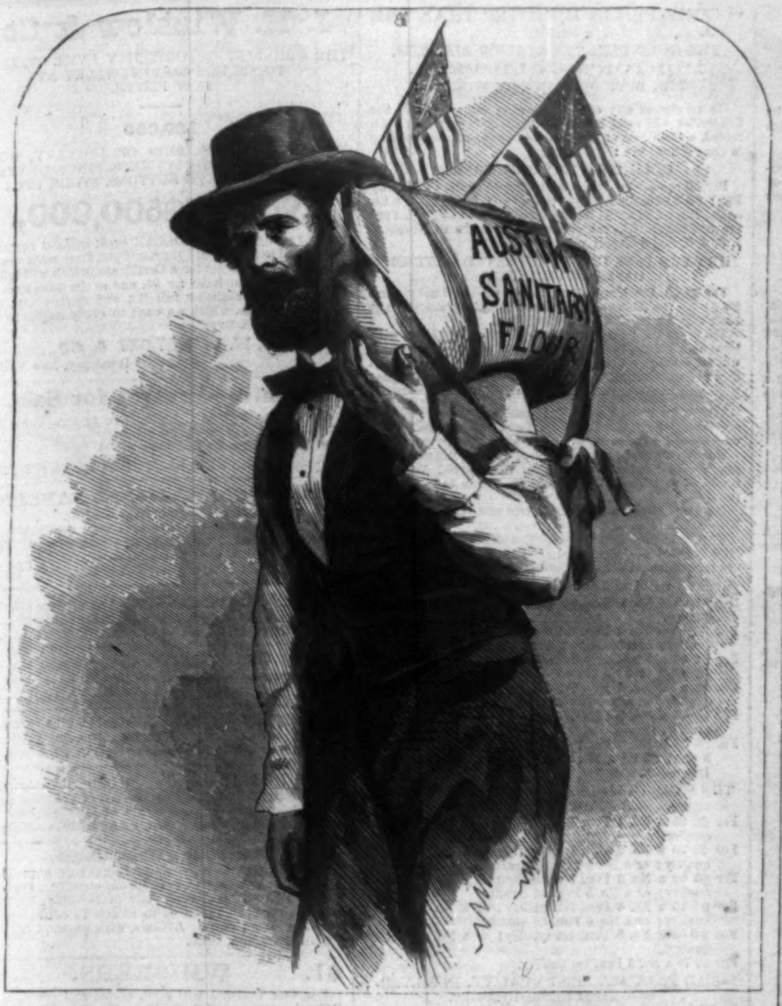
The torpedo is exploded by being struck with sufficient force to keel it over, which allows the wheel (B) to fall off, which in falling drags with it the rod (D), at the end of which is a small pin, which fits into a hole in the rod (R). The pin being pulled out releases the spiral spring (S) around the rod (R), which forces the rod against the bottom of the torpedo at F, where it strikes a cap and explodes the torpedo.

REBEL TORPEDO FOUND IN THE ROANOKE RIVER.



WRECK OF THE "OTSEGO," AND THE EXPLOSION OF THE TUG "BAZLEY" IN THE ROANOKE RIVER, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

A COMMISSARY TRAIN AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—[DRAWN BY JOHN M'NEVIN.]



MR. R. C. GRIDLEY AND HIS SACK OF FLOUR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. JOHNSON, SAN FRANCISCO.]

THE REBEL COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY REES, RICHMOND, VA.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

MR. GRIDLEY AND HIS SACK OF FLOUR.

MR. R. C. GRIDLEY, of Austin, Nevada, has invented a new method of raising the wind. Whatever else may be thought of it, it is at least successful. An election was lately held in Austin for city officers, on the result of which many wagers were laid. Mr. GRIDLEY bet with Doctor HERRICK, the wager consisting of a sack of flour, which the unsuccessful better was to carry on his shoulders through the streets of the town, to the tune of John Brown. Mr. GRIDLEY, having lost, was on hand the morning after the election to fulfill his promise Preceded by a brass-band and followed by a crowd, he marched through the street with the flour-sack, weighing 50 pounds, on his shoulders, amidst the shouts of the populace. After formally giving the flour into Doctor HERRICK'S hands he suggested that the latter should donate it to the Sanitary Commission. The suggestion was followed and the sack was put up at auction, and, after a spirited competition, sold for $350. It was again donated to the Commission, and was purchased by GRIDLEY, HOBART, and JACOBS for $250. The process was repeated over and over again until the sum of $6000 in gold had been realized. Starting for San Francisco with the sack Mr. GRIDLEY, in less than a month, had realized $63,000 in gold. No lady's album in Nevada or California is considered complete without a photograph of GRIDLEY and his sack of flour. Mr. GRIDLEY, on December 13, left San Francisco, *with* his sack of flour, of course, for New York city, where fabulous sums are piled up, in anticipation of his arrival, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A WRECK RESCUED.

ON the 10th of December Colonel MULFORD'S dispatch-boat, the *Eliza Hancox*, while on its way from Port Royal to Charleston, just as darkness was approaching, discovered off seaward a large fragment of a wreck. Upon making toward it a human being was seen moving upon it, and endeavoring to attract attention to his perilous situation. A boat was lowered, and the man having been brought on board and warmed, told a most thrilling story of the wreck of which he was the sole survivor.

His name was JOHN R. CRUSE, and he had been a hand on the *R. B. Howlett*, of Philadelphia, which had been recently anchored in the channel-way off Charleston, and used as a light-ship. Her crew consisted of the captain, JAMES BREWER, the mate, A. H. DEAN, and four hands. The vessel had been wrecked the previous night. At first her anchor was broken through the force of the gale, and she began to drift toward the northern bar. It was not

THE "ELIZA HANCOX" RESCUING THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE WRECK OF A LIGHT-SHIP OFF CHARLESTON, S. C.

long before she struck and went to pieces. CRUSE managed to get on a piece of the poop-deck with DEAN, the mate, and the two were carried out to sea, being frequently washed off from their frail raft by the breakers off Stono Inlet. DEAN having been bruised on the head by a plank when he was thrown into the water, survived only a short time. CRUSE, availing himself of his companion's clothing, lashed the corpse to the wreck, having under contemplation the necessity which might arise of his having to feed upon the poor mate's body. When he was rescued he had been already thirty-two hours without food.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CHEMISTRY SIMPLIFIED FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.

How to make a Light in a Dark Room.—First darken the room. Then take of spirits of wine, 2 oz.; deal shavings, as much as you can carry; gunpowder, about a wine glassful. Mix well together, and place them on the floor in the centre of the room. Procure a red-hot poker; apply it to the mass. This will soon light the room up.

How to Burn a Hole in a Piece of Velvet with Water.—Get your mother's best velvet mantle. Take about two drachms of nitric acid, put them into a test-tube. Say it's water; if they don't believe you, ask them to taste it. Pour it on the velvet. It will burn a hole right through it. This will gladden your mother's heart.

How to Make a Precipitate.—Take of detonating powder about two table-spoonfuls, skyrockets one bushel, blank cartridges twelve or more. Wrap them in a paper parcel. Make the company stand round with their backs to the fire. Give the parcel to any nervous old gentleman and tell him to put it in the fire. It will go off; so will the company, and precipitate themselves out of the room. Don't try this experiment more than twice a day.

COUNSEL TO THE POOR.

When lands and money all are spent
Take a large house, and don't pay rent.

"Poor Dick! how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other; "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

RIDDLES FOR THE RECKLESS.

AUNT BAD.—Why is my aunt superior to the person who shaves me?—Because he is only a barber, while she is a Barbara.

HISTORICAL.—Where would you find a word that should suggest to Richard II. that he had best avoid Bolingbroke?—In the Dick-shun-'arry.

A THUMPER.—Why should wife-beating receive light punishment?—Because it's a whack scandal.

WORTHY OF FOOTE.—Why do we expect sauce from a gouty man?—Because he's a toe-martyr.

VERY DEEP.—When can't you believe Truth?—When she lies at the bottom of a well.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Note.—A Man in a false position frequently consults his Solicitor. A Woman in similar circumstances is prompted to put herself into communication with her Mirror.

Query.—Does it follow that Woman is superior to Man, considered as a purely reflective being?

Note.—In the race of life, a gallant Sportsman has observed, Woman the favorite carries off all the cups and plates.

Query.—Is there any thing remarkable in this fact, looking at the subject from all points of view, and taking into consideration her naturally winning ways?

Note.—Philosophers, perplexed to give a satisfactory definition of Woman, have petulantly pronounced her a puzzle.

Query.—Will this ingenious suggestion account for her feeling so much pleasure in taking a rival to pieces?

THE PATRON SAINT OF AUCTIONEERS—St. Francis de Sales.

LOVE SONG.

We met amid the glittering crowd,
We danced, I tore thine ample skirt,
And thou, not shy and noways proud,
Demandest why I would not flirt:
Thy frankness will not let me shrink
From this avowal fair and true.
Because I have a wife, and think
She's a much nicer girl than you.

A man who had recently become a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of boosiness. That is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and by sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without disturbing her, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to that while he slipped off his apparel, the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bedpost, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with perfect looseness; and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backward in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet, and bent foremost over the bower of infant happiness. At length, with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In desperation he cried out to his sleeping partner, "Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in the house? I've fallen over five, and here's another before me!"

FOR A CHILD.

Speak when not spoken to,
Sulk when you're chid,
Bang the door after you,
Good little kid.

DARLING DAUGHTER. "Oh, Pa, what d'you think? Ma's lost ten pounds!"

PAPA. "What! the old ——"

DAUGHTER. "Hush—sh, Pa! Since she's Banting I mean—averdupoise or whatever you call it, you know!"

The following notice is displayed in a confectioner's window in a West-end street of London: "Mock Turtel, and All kinds of soops, including jugged hair!" This is in the very centre of the most civilized capital of Europe!

PRETTY INNOCENCE.

"Ma, dear, has Papa any bachelor uncles?"
"No, my love." "Then Mamma, dear, pray what mean your taunts?
For you said just before his last gift, those carbuncles
He was too fond of seeing his bachelor haunts!"

An advertisement appeared recently, promising, for a consideration, the secret of long life. Many applied, and got this answer for their money: "Get elected a member of the French Academy. They all attain a great age." Here followed a list of the members, and their ages.

Tacitus says that pearls were common in his time. They may still occasionally be met with, though rare. The best kinds are, a good wife, a thorough cob, a bottle of forty port, and a perfect beef-steak.

A misanthropist enjoys the corruption of human nature as an epicure enjoys long-kept and tainted venison.

POOR RICHARD IMPROVED.

He who must earn before he dine,
Ought to be called at half past nine;
He who has tick at "Cock" or "Cheese,"
Need not get up until he please.

Does it soothe the feelings of a photographer, when he receives a positive refusal from a lady, that she gives him a negative?

CREST-FALLEN.—A lady who had made a fortune by confectionery applied to the Heralds' College for a coat of arms, and was rather discomfited on being told that they could only give her a—lozenge.

NEW PROVERB.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to feel stupid and have red eyes.

BORDERING ON A JOKE.—A teetotaler, living not far from Coldstream, has pledged himself to read no poet but Spenser, because he is the only one in whom he can find "the well of English undefiled."

Fleet Marriages are not yet done away with—at least a great number of people who get married regret they were not slower about it.

A POEM ON A VERY FAT PARTY.

Dan Cupid hath no arrow that
Could reach thy heart through all thy fat:
But should one ever pierce, and raise
A flame, thou'dst perish in the blaze!

The best house to spend the 31st of December in is a schoolmaster's, because there you are sure of having the new year properly ushered in.

A LINE FOR LENT.—A fast day is the stomach's holyday.

HOW TO KEEP A BIRTHDAY.—Keep it to yourself.

What sort of a marriage should you say that is which a man makes whose name is Morgan, and who lives in a garret? A Morganatic marriage.

MATRIMONY.

A couple sat beside the fire,
Debating which should first retire.
The husband sportively had said,
"Wife, you should go and warm the bed."
"I never will," she quick replied;
"I did so once, and nearly died."
"And I will not," rejoined the spouse,
With firmer tone and lowering brows.
And thus a war of words arose,
Continuing till they nearly froze,
When both grew mute—and hovering nigher
Around the faintly glimmering fire,
They trembled o'er the dying embers,
As though the ague had seized their members,
Resolved, like heroes, ne'er to yield,
But force each other from the field.
And thus this once fond loving pair
In silence shook and shivered there,
Till every spark of fire was gone,
And cocks were crowing for the dawn;
When all at once the husband said,
"Wife, hadn't *we* better go to bed?"

EVERY BODY'S *Source*—Adam and Eve.

MEDICAL ADVICE—"Throw physic to the dogs!"

Burning houses are a serious matter, but they should be played upon.

A "MINISTERIAL *Circle*"—"A *hole* to creep though!"

A suspicious man would search a pin-cushion for treason, and see daggers in a needle-case.

A great many households, like ancient Rome, suffer grievously from the Tartars.

REAL POVERTY.—An Irish barrister, when he first domiciled in Liverpool, was troubled with "niver a brass farthing," and he "onst upon a time" described his poverty as follows: "When I first came to Liverpool I was in perfect rags; the smallest hole in my shirt was the one I stuck my head through; and I had to have that, my only shirt, washed by the dozen, for it was in twelve pieces."

PETROLEUM.

THE New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, offers unrivaled guarantees of safety and good management in the fact that it is so largely owned and conducted by real men of oil—not mere speculators in corporations. Mr. Anger, one of its trustees, belongs to the Titusville firm of Brewer, Watson, & Co., whose wealth counts by millions. Mr. Myers, another, is an extensive well-proprietor and oil-shipper; and others of them, so to speak, "live and move and have their being" in oil. Such features show that a company is real, and meant for permanence.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FIRST PREMIUM

$5 Family Gem SEWING MACHINE. $5

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

The FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most wonderful and *elegantly constructed* NOVELTY; is perfectly noiseless in operation; uses the *straight needle;* sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD; makes the running stitch *more perfect* and regular than by hand; will *gather, hem, ruffle, shir, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c.* Requires no lubrication or *change of stitch;* is *not liable to get out of order,* and will LAST A LIFETIME, and is the prettiest and most useful *Christmas* or *New Year's Gift* for a lady. *See Opinions of the Press.* "For the dressmaker it is *invaluable,* for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Lady's Book.* "It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a *child* can use it."—*N. Y. Independent.* "It is one of the neatest and most useful gifts a household can receive. Its cheapness is remarkable."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Dec. 31.* "We have witnessed the operation of this wonderful machine, which produces the running-stitch, with single or double thread, silently yet very rapidly. Exactly like hand-sewing, and undoubtedly will become much used."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

This *ingenious* and useful machine is *perfect* in its construction, and has *none* of the *faults* of the *high-priced machines.* No one will pay $50 or $100 for a sewing machine, when *this one* can be bought for $5. This wonderful machine was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM by the New York State Fair, showing its superiority *over all others.* Imitations or *infringements* of this GENUINE Article are liable to prosecution. Agents of perseverance are wanted all over the world, and will be paid $100 *per month.*

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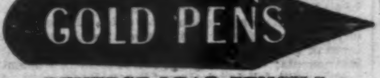

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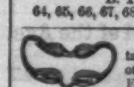

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